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No. 37370

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1959.

Price 30 Cents

Comment Of The Day

ANNOYING CORNERS

MANY pedestrians and motorists are familiar with the difficulty of negotiating the crossings in the area of the junction of Queen's Road and Pedder Street. The proximity of the three crossings often mean annoying unnecessary holdups for both cars and pedestrians.

The corner could be simplified if all three crossings were removed and the entire area of the junction turned into a pedestrian crossing controlled by Police during the day. The crossing area would be bounded on the one side by the Shell building frontage in Queen's Road, include the Bluebird Cafe and Hongkong Hotel corners and a small length of Pedder Street.

Another Problem

WE have previously referred to another problem corner—the Ice House Street junction with Queen's Road. Here the complication is that there is nothing to stop pedestrian crossing Queen's Road from the open mouth of Duddell Street. One suggestion is that another pedestrian crossing should be laid across Queen's Road just to the west of Duddell Street. But there may be a better solution.

The entire Ice House Street-Queen's Road junction between Duddell Street and Battery Path could also be made into one big pedestrian crossing. The period in which traffic uses the crossing during the day can be divided so that the Ice House Street flow does not clash with that of Queen's Road. If this corner and the Pedder Street corner were regulated intelligently by Policemen who would be in sight of one another and therefore able to see each other's signals, the worst anomalies would be removed and traffic flow considerably speeded up.

FORMING A NEW STATE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA SINGAPORE GOES TO POLLS

Lee Says We'll Win At Least 40 Seats

Singapore, May 30. Polling began in the Singapore elections today when the first of 600,000 voters cast their ballots for the new State of Singapore's first self-governing administration under the new constitution.

Widely tipped to win is Lee Kwan-yew's People's Action Party. His party is contesting all 61 seats.

He said last night his party would win at least 40 seats.

This is also the reluctant consensus of many other political observers.

Not Split

Not only is the PAP contesting all seats but it is the only major group not split by discussions. Last minute attempts by the People's Alliance and the Liberal-Socialists to heal their quarrels failed.

Campaigning has been venomous. The PAP has accused Government ministers of being "brothel keepers in foreign pay." The party has also brought the threat of a constitutional crisis to the city before the elections, by declaring it would not take power until some of its extremist members now in gaol are released.

Free Run

"We are winning because no one can stop us," he explained why the British had "given us a free run of Singapore."

He said "They are playing a long-term game. They know that the People's Action Party is non-Communist. The lesson has been brought home to them that beside the Malayan Communist Party, the PAP is the only coherent party here. It is the only deterrent force against the Communists."

Red Tiger

The Chief Minister, Mr. Lim Yew-hock, who gained some PAP members for subversion, told a rally of his moderate People's Alliance, the PAP was "still riding the Communist tiger."

He said, "Records will show that at one time we saved the

Duke In Notting Hill



On his visit to the boys' clubs in the race riot area of Notting Hill, West London, Prince Philip talks to judo instructor Bill Simpson (who holds a Black Belt at 20) and Peter Russell and Robert Franklin—both 12.—Express Photo.

Security Purge In Soviet Embassies

London, May 29. The Daily Mail reported today that Capt Aleksandr Dmitriev, former assistant Soviet Naval Attache here was packed off to Russia by the Secret Police because he had too many British friends.

"His arrest by the NKVD, the Russian secret police, is the latest move in a general security purge in Soviet embassies in every capital in the world," the Mail said.

The report recalled the case of Col Mikhail I. Styrugin, Soviet Military Attache in Burma, who was shipped off to Russia under guard after he had first attempted suicide, and then tried to escape by jumping out of a hospital window rather than return to his homeland. Dmitriev's wife remained in London after her husband's hurried departure for Moscow on Wednesday night. British authorities said she probably will remain here as a routine foreign visitor rather than as a refugee.—UPI.

Castro To Go Slow

Havana, May 29. Prime Minister Fidel Castro, fearful of crippling Cuba's economy, has decided to postpone for a year his plan to carve up large holdings of sugar lands. The decision, announced last night by Labour Minister Manuel Fernandez Garcia, came 10 days after the Castro Government had moved to introduce a sweeping land reform programme.—UPI.

Tunnel Under Channel In Six Years

London, May 29. Conservative Member of Parliament, William Teeling, said today in a letter to the Evening Standard that a tunnel under the English Channel will be functioning in about six years time.

Teeling said that present plans provided for a railway tunnel only. "A road tunnel as well as a rail tunnel would cost so much more in proportion to any increase in traffic that it will not at first be attempted. But everything will be designed to make it easy to build the road tunnel a few years later, if traffic demand justifies it," he added.

World Bank

Teeling, who is a member of the parliamentary committee which is urging the building of the channel tunnel, said that "Swiss bankers are greatly interested and anxious to be part of the 'World Bank' in the present plans for the tunnel. Soundings were being made on the bottom of the English Channel, and so far no snags have been found. It is what the engineers of 50 years ago said is proving to be correct, but we want to be absolutely certain," Teeling said.

He said that the building of a tunnel for automobiles traffic would pose very difficult problems of air and ventilation because of the exhausts of the cars. He said this problem was not insurmountable, but the necessary equipment to cope with these problems would be very expensive.

For this reason, he said, plans were only drawn up for the construction of two electric railway lines which would be able to carry special trains providing for the transportation of cars and trucks.—AFP.

Audrey Hepburn Recuperating

Hollywood, May 29. Audrey Hepburn, currently living in Switzerland with husband Mel Ferrer, has suffered a miscarriage, friends here said today. Associates of the couple said the actress was unhappy about the loss of the expected baby. Miss Hepburn's doctor advised her to rest before resuming work. The actress was scheduled to make a picture for Alfred Hitchcock but production plans were postponed when her pregnancy was announced recently.—UPI.

Money Sent To China

Singapore, May 29. A total of \$81,014,034 was sent to China in family remittances during April, according to a government statement. In the same period \$800,938 was sent from Malaya.—Reuter.

Million Dollar Cutlery Factory For HK

By A China Mail Reporter

AMERICAN industrialist, Mr Morton Bernstein, yesterday talked of plans for a HK\$1,000,000 cutlery factory in Hongkong, which he announced after arriving in the Colony on Thursday.

As President of the National Silver Company of America, he has returned to Hongkong for the second time to look deeper into the possibilities of setting up the factory. He was last in the Colony two years ago.

He said that when the factory, presuming all goes well, begins operation, stainless steel will be imported from Japan. Machinery will be brought from the same place. The Japanese machinery was copied from an

American design sent there by the National Silver Company.

"After the Japanese had copied the machine and added their own know-how, they came up with a better machine than we had," Mr Bernstein said.

The imported steel would be pressed, rolled and finished in Hongkong. "For the first year, I envisage a—should—factory—output of US\$1,000,000 worth of flat plate cutlery. Of this, a good, substantial amount will be clear profit."

After this, he said, "the scope should be unlimited, once we break the men in and teach them the ropes."

He explained another plan he had in mind. "I was thinking of getting together with some of our competitors in this business. We are very friendly

with one another and often exchange information. We could form a sort of combine and set up a big plant in Hongkong."

Then, as the thou/h struck him, he said, "If only the gates (to China) were opened, this could be the biggest city in Asia."

So far, his company have placed investments with six Japanese plants, who are turning out their cutlery range.

"Last year the Japanese exported some US\$4,000,000 worth of cutlery to the U.S. So both the American and Japanese plants are producing the same product and selling them at different prices."

"There you have a paradox. There are always the Americans who buy only the American goods because they feel that the American product is better.

Others buy the cheaper product."

"We do not plan to sell the Hongkong made cutlery cheaper than the Japanese counterpart. We will sell at the same price, but the profit will be bigger. We can produce here cheaper than in Japan because of the manpower situation, even after importing the steel."

The factory, with an initial capital of US\$150,000 (HK\$300,000) will be, if plans are finalised, built by National Silver and a local import-export firm, Herald International.

Mr Bernstein, originally from New York, is now conferring as to the possibility of a site and other problems, while the Chairman of Herald is in America holding conference there.

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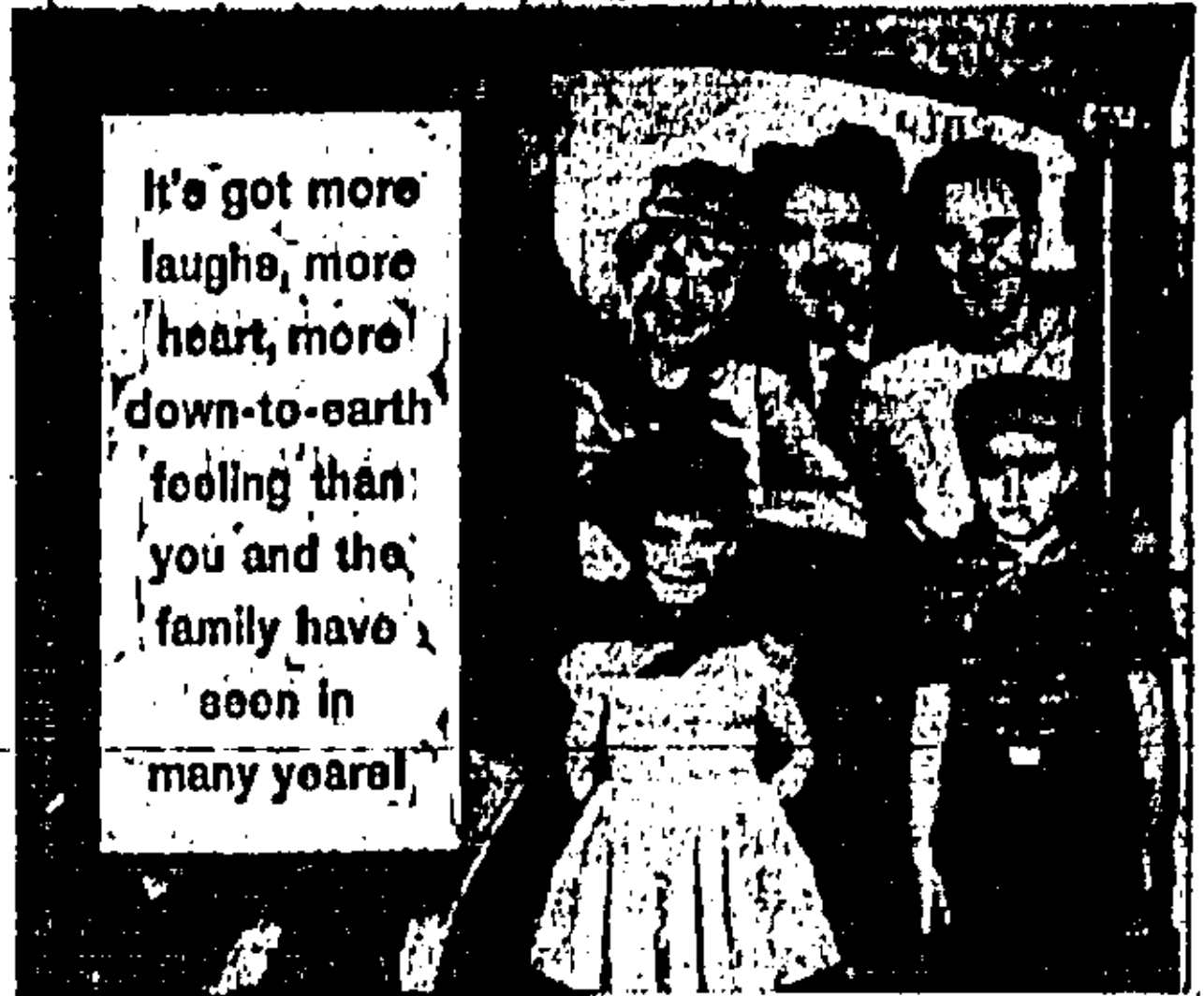


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KING'S PRINCESS

★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★



DORIS DAY JACK LEMMON ERNIE KOVACS
IT HAPPENED TO JANE

ALL OUTLINES HAVE GARDEN CITY BY THE SEASIDE...
EASTMAN COLOR

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

To-day At 12.30 p.m. Robert Taylor • Stewart Granger in
"THE LAST HUNT" in Cinemascope • Color

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. To-morrow at 12.30 p.m.
"TOM & JERRY COLOR" Susan Hayward in
"I'LL CRY TO-MORROW"

At Reduced Prices: 70 Cts., \$1.00 & \$1.50

KING'S

SUNDAY MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. To-morrow at 12.15 p.m.
"POPEYE THE SAILOR AND VARIETY CARTOONS" Clark Gable • Burt Lancaster in
"RUN SILENT RUN DEEP"

Admission: \$1.00 & \$1.50

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

It cracks the Caribbean wide open!
It explodes with the Hemingway kind of power!

HEMINGWAY - HOT ADVENTURE!



SPECIALLY ADDED: "PROFILE OF A MIRACLE"
In Cinemascope & Color
Narrated by Yul Brynner

BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of
"THE GUN RUNNERS" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
JAMES STEWART THREE STOOGES COMEDY
DORIS DAY & TECHNICOLOR
"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH" CARTOONS PROGRAMME
In VistaVision & Color

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TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF THE PRIZE NOVEL!
GARY COOPER MARIA SCHELL KARL MALDEN



Special Matinee At Reduced Admission To-morrow
Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m.
Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m.
Hoover Theatre at 12.00 noon

WARNER BROS. COLOR CARTOONS

Jane Powell • Howard Keel in
"7 BRIDES FOR 7 BROTHERS"

Marion Michael • Hardy Kruger in
"LIANE JUNGLE GODDESS"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

By ANTHONY FULLER

"It Happened to Jane," showing at the King's and Princess. The Americans, as most other peoples, have a folk lore, but being a much younger nation, their legends do not live in grim forbidding castles; they live, as does Ernie Kovacs, in a plush city office furnished with illuminated graphs and charts.

Their fairy princesses do not sleep in sugar castles, but as Doris Day, in sweet old world New England villages.

Their idle Jacks and Dick Whitings do not loaf around the village, they are small time lawmen, as Jack Lemmon.

But the villagers are much the same, first swayed by the fear of the ogre, and then that when Jack Lemmon the Giant Killer has seen him off.

For, my dear readers, "It Happened to Jane" is nothing more than a fairy story, too simple to interest children, but brought down to the level of intelligence of the average adult.

You are asked to believe, (and why not) that in the Maine Village, Cape Ann, big business was challenged and defeated by fairy princess Doris Day. And the moral of that, dear children, is, if only you are honest; if only you are courageous; if only you stick to your guns; you will in the end triumph and all the bad ogres will be killed off.

Well, when I was one-and-twenty, I used to believe in fairies of this kind, but this wicked old world has taught me quite painfully, that the wicked fairy like the boy tree, and the kind and honest folk go to the wall.

But don't let that stop you from enjoying this film. If I am amused it is because I can't help smiling to think that Hollywood delivered the cruellest town on earth that has broken more hearts than we have egg tops.

Doris Day goes into the lobster business; the railway takes too long to deliver same, and they arrive high and mighty. She saves them and wins. This annoys Railway President Ogre Ernie Kovacs, who really goes to town on the freckle-nosed young widow, Doris.

But at her side are Jack Lemmon, the Giant Killer, and Prince Charming Steve Forrest. At first the Ogre gets it all his own way. But ogres have hearts hidden away in their security boxes, and everyone lives happily ever afterwards.

Usually, in our fairy stories, we have a fairy harp who do a lot of the backstage jobs. In this film, we have a Boy Scout troop; and Jack Lemmon in shorts looked as embarrassed as I felt. Cub-Mistress Doris Day sings "Prepared" and as she is dressed in most becoming shorts, I got the point of the song.

Well, that's about all, except to say that the photography is something wonderful; that Ogre Ernie Kovacs never puts a foot wrong, even in this winning. That poor old Jack looked a bit of a Lemmon in shorts; and Steve Forrest as Prince Charming the newsmen was all that a noble newsmen is, if there is such a thing.

So, if you may "It Happened to Jane" soften your hard heart.

ONCE more Ernest Hemingway explodes upon the screen, this time with primitive violence in "The Gun Runners," Roxy and Broadway.

He uses a fisherman, but this is no quiet, "Old Man and the Sea." Rather is it the character you meet in "To Have and Have Not."

I often wonder where Hemingway obtained his obsession for primitive violence. We get it here in a version of the original story of his luckless hero, Audie Murphy, as a poor fisherman, who augments his meagre income by running arms to the Cuban revolutionaries.

Except for "For Whom the Bell Tolls," I cannot think of anyone who has got Hemingway down in film. There exists a certain element that opposes the Hemingway atmosphere. In reading him, one is able to associate himself with the characters; they are lifelike, and no matter how violent and crudely they behave, there is a sympathy of association, if not an identification with the ethics and manners of their pursuits.

Honesty compels me to say that in this, the third version made for the screen of Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not," the stark primitive



Doris Day and Jack Lemmon declare their engagement on the lobster train. Scene from "It Happened to Jane."

yet sympathetic characterisation of Harry Morgan, Hemingway's hero, does not come over. The active passionate life on the edge of the tropics seems to me perfect film material, but one must have the sensitive intuition of Hemingway to get the film over.

Hemingway is primitive; "The Gun Runners" is barbaric.

The treatment is laboured; the slanting phrases of Hemingway, verbal machine-gun bullets, explode in the film like a succession of atom bombs.

Audie Murphy, Sam Martin in the film (Harry Morgan in the book) is disappointing, yet one feels that with a better understanding of the part and a stronger director, he would have made good.

The film follows the original by subduing all other characters to the leading role, but at no time is one convinced that we are watching anything more real than a charade of Hemingway characters.

Nevertheless, the film has its moments; and if your mood is one of violence, "The Gun Runners" should afford you an entertaining evening. Also showing with the film is an attractive short, "Profile of a Miracle," with a commentary by Yul Brynner.

★ ★ ★

If you read the odd bits we publish now and again in this column, you probably will have gathered that the underworld in general, and of Chicago in particular, is becoming the vogue in film-land.

I think "Chicago Confidential" (Star and Metropole) is cashing in on this vogue, and that it is scooping somewhat from the million-dollar publicity given to "Al Capone," a finely made film setting out the career of that sub-human, from choir-boy to vice-king.

"Chicago Confidential" is about as confidential as a secret at a waiter's meeting. In a thousand ways, it has all been told before, but this film is a symposium of all that is crooked, violent, and beastly.

In a way, it is a reporter's case book, and of its kind, it is very good.

Quite frankly, I like films of the underworld. Somehow they enable me to preserve a balance of my estimate of mankind. I am by nature too optimistic.

I am always of the opinion that mankind is worth worrying about; is worth struggling for; is worth helping. Such films as "Chicago Confidential" offset that opinion.

It presumes to tell of the "fixers," men who will undertake any awkward assignment for a fee; here you see them with guns looking after anyone who needs looking after. But don't such men sometimes parade in neat suits and fountain pens, and are just as ruthless, if not as crude?

Then the bribe collectors, and the men who take care of you. The trade union delegates who battle on propaganda and subscriptions. Well, they are with us too. And real vice. Well, that's in the film, but it's everywhere else.

Apart from the reasons given, I do not know what useful purpose these films serve, except that we are worrying too much whether civilisation perishes from an all-out atom bomb

attack. And this makes you think that such an occasion would be merely nature having a springclean.

Brian Keith, Beverly Garland, and Dick Foran are adequate in this violent epic.

★ ★ ★

THE only question remaining in my mind, after seeing "The Hanging Tree," was who should hang on it (Hoover and Gals).

Delmer Daves gave us a fine Western last year, a film that did quite well, "310 to Yuma." Somehow I have the impression that Mr. Daves has overreached himself in striving for the artistic supreme in a Western; to produce one in which the elements of the content lift above the pistol play; the band lose the steamhammer fist fights; in short all the crude ingredients which are poured into almost every Western.

He has got the ingredients for a fine film here, but somehow they don't mix.

For instance, he has Gary Cooper, a doctor fighting against prejudice; prejudice of scientific healing; and also against his taking as a patient, pretty Maria Schell.

This angle of a film is common enough; not stock; but in almost every film. But in this film, this plot does not mix with the authentic Western atmosphere. It makes the film

treadily in pace and confusing from a Western fan's point of view.

Another sub-plot is the misunderstanding of the nature of Dr. Gary Cooper by an assistant coerced into working for him; Don Plaza.

Now I am not saying these emotional conflicts do not come out well; they do, very well indeed. But we do not associate them with a Western, and to be perfectly frank, a Western is not the best medium for getting them over.

It is perfectly plain to me what Delmer Daves is after. He imagined that by putting these high fangled notions into a Western, he would automatically achieve a prestige picture. He has tried too hard, and it hasn't come off.

On the other hand, his handling of the big scenes is superb. His huge panoramas, his handling of Technicolor in relation to his big scenes, is craftsmanship at its best.

He really captures the atmosphere of the mining camp; of the gold-rush days; of the hell and fury of get-rich-quick.

Another off-beat introduction is that of a lustful idiot played by Karl Malden.

There it is then: a new type of Western; an attempt to lift the Western up to the "superior" class.

I almost forgot to mention that a tuneful melody, The Hanging Tree, haunts the opening phases of the film.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "It Happened to Jane." A whimsy fantasy of the "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" tradition. This time big business, represented by Ernie Kovacs, takes the k.o. delivered by Doris Day.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Gun Runners." A violent and explosive sketch of the Cuban Gun Runners. Takes "To Have and Have Not," novel theme of the impoverished fisherman who turns to illegal traffic. Loses the Hemingway touch en route. Audie Murphy; Eddie Albert; and Patricia Sloane.

LEE & ASTOR: "Rio Bravo." Third weekend of this swif Western playing three stars. John Wayne, Dean Martin, and Ricky Nelson. Big screen and Technicolor.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Gun Runners." A violent and explosive sketch of the Cuban Gun Runners. Takes "To Have and Have Not," novel theme of the impoverished fisherman who turns to illegal traffic. Loses the Hemingway touch en route. Audie Murphy; Eddie Albert; and Patricia Sloane.

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LEE & ASTOR: "Rio Bravo." Third weekend of this swif Western playing three stars. John Wayne, Dean Martin, and Ricky Nelson. Big screen and Technicolor.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Trap." Another new look in Westerns in which a law man does his own law enforcing. Original in theme; superbly photographed; some tense and exciting sequences; and an absolutely original climax. Richard Widmark and Lee J. Cobb.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Escort West." Has Victor Mature as a gentle knight in a story of an incident following the American Civil War. Tragic incident that is solved along the way. Also Elaine Stewart.

HOOVER & GALA: "The Naked Male." Film based upon the incident of history's most scandalous plan to bury a king. The ruler that the Duke is the Duke of Alba. (Made... less woman.) Ava Gardner

as the Duchess of Alba; and Anthony Franciosa as Goya the painter.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Diary of Anna Frank." A moving and compelling drama based upon the authentic diary of a young Jewish girl and her family, who hid from the Jew hunting Nazis in Amsterdam. Millicent Fawcett, Joseph Schildkraut, Shelley Winters, Richard Beymer.

LEE & ASTOR: "Stranger in My Arms." Based upon "Written on the Wind," this film tells the story of human emotions in conflict with morals and ideas. Excellent cast who perform with conviction and power. Jane Alyn, Jeff Chandler, Sandra Dee and Charles Coburn.

Lee Astor

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
Special Times At 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.45 p.m.

They're together and nothing can tear 'em apart!
JOHN WAYNE DEAN MARTIN
RICKY NELSON **HOWARD HAWKS** **RIO BRAVO**
TECHNICOLOR® FROM WARNER BROS.

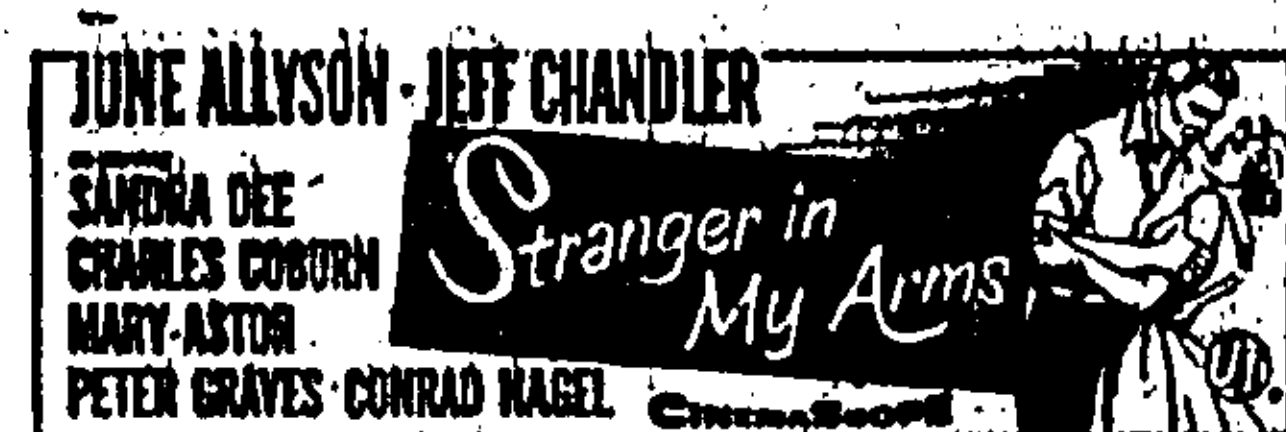


ANGIE DICKINSON-WALTER BRENNAN-WARD BOND

LEE: Morning Show To-morrow at Reduced Prices
AT 11.00 A.M. AT 12.30 P.M.
M-G-M'S JUMPING JACKS

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

★ NEXT CHANGE ★



A LIONEL LINCOLN PRODUCTION

STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

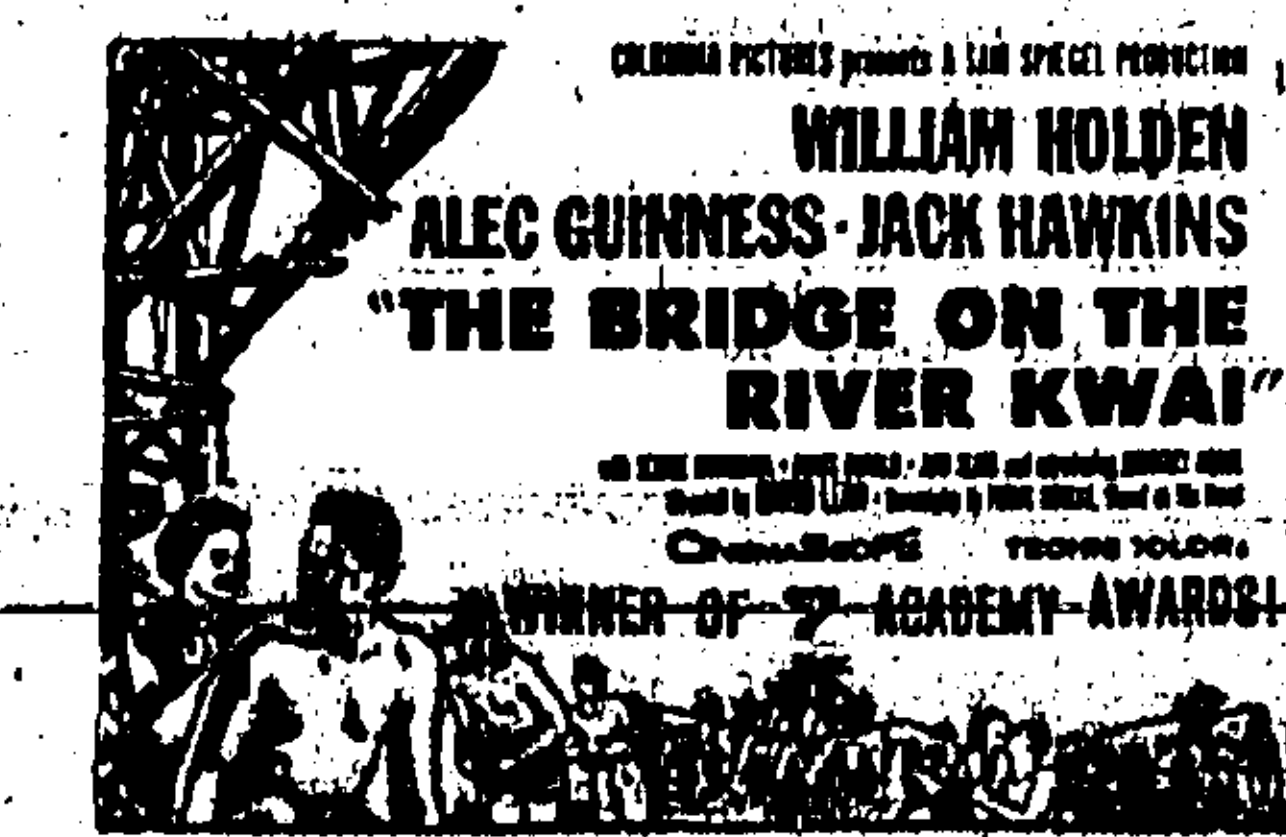
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
Feature-length LATEST FOX
Technicolor Cartoon TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
"ANIMAL FARM" PROGRAMME

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.15 p.m.
Gary Grant Robert MITCHELL
Grace KELLY Deborah KERR

In "TO CATCH A THIEF" In "HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. LILSON"
In VistaVision & COLOR In CINEMASCOPE & COLOR

FITZ CINEMA

NOW SHOWING THE 17TH DAY!
AT 2.30, 6.15 & 9.20 P.M.



ADMISSION PRICES: F.S. 70 Cts., M.S. \$1.20,
B.S. \$1.70, P.S. \$2.00 & L.S. \$2.40

TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
AT 10.30 A.M. AT 12.30 P.M.
Dean Martin in "THE CADDY" Alan Ladd in "STAMPED"

ORIENTAL THEATRE

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Anarchy Breaks Out In A Monkey Colony

Tokyo.

ANARCHY has struck the once-peaceful monkey colony at Oita in southern Japan, and the reign of simian terror is even causing wrinkled brows in the national government.

Science Can Help Anyone If It Can Help Poor Pansy

Ann Arbor, Mich. **PANSY** is a dog who really leads a dog's life—she has what one doctor calls "the worst case of hay-fever allergy I have ever seen in man or beast."

In fact, of the three major signs of ragweed allergy—hay fever, bronchial asthma and skin eruptions—poor Pansy suffers from all three, despite the fact each is quite rare in animals.

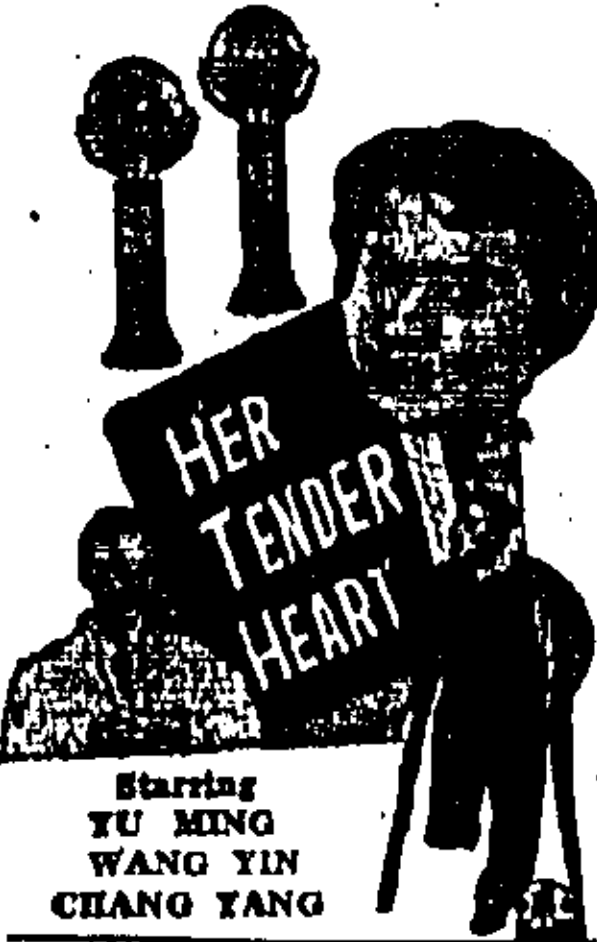
RELIEF

The dog-eared terror was sent to the University of Michigan Medical Center by her owner last summer for relief of her condition. There, she received anti-histamines, epinephrine, balms and ointments. She did get relief, and she was so grateful she adopted the doctor who treated her.

He is Dr Roy Patterson, an instructor in internal medicine and a member of the team of allergy researchers at Michigan. Patterson said, "In discovering what helps Pansy, we will learn more about helping humans who are suffering allergies. If we can help her, we can help anybody."



TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.



Sunday Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m.
"GOLDEN LOTUS"
Starring LIN DAI
At Reduced Prices!



SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



SPECIAL PRICE FOR STUDENTS
Up to 50% off at 50c each
Down to 25c at 25c each

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 11.00 A.M.
"CENTURY CARTEENS"
AT 12.00 P.M.
"ROBERT WAGNER IN
"TRUE STORY OF JESSE JAMES"

A Statue—40 Feet High



On June 4—his birthday—

1960, Helsinki is to honour Marshal Mannerheim, Finland's leader, with the unveiling of a massive, 18ft, equestrian statue.

Sculptor Almo Tukialainen has already been working since 1957 on the statue, for which a special 50 ft high studio had to be built, for the pedestal and statue combined will finally

tower nearly 40 feet above the ground. Picture shows Tukialainen at work on the plaster model. Eleven tons of bronze have been ordered for the final mould. —Express Photo.

Just Not Making Crooks Like They Used To, Says Scotland Yard Detective

London.

MODERN criminals turn to violence because they are too lazy or lack the talent to develop any skill at their jobs, according to an old hand from Scotland Yard.

The gun, the bludgeon and the fist, he noted, have largely replaced the finesse that many old-time lawbreakers used to bring to their chosen profession.

Scotland Yard does not permit its famous investigators to give out interviews where they can be quoted by name, and

this one offered his view with that understanding.

"When did you last hear of a good pickpocket?" he asked. "Before the war there were signs wherever crowds gathered warning them to beware of pickpockets. Today, it's one of the rarer crimes."

"The reasons are obvious. It takes years to develop the technique of picking a pocket and staying out of gaol. Why bother when you can get the wallet or wristwatch simply by fracturing the victim's skull?"

Another infrequent type nowadays is the big-time confidence man.

Gullible

"Before the war these fellows would spend months setting up a victim for a killing," the detective said. "They were intelligent, glib, agreeable chaps of considerable general knowledge. When they crunched for a specific job they got to know it inside out."

"They would even bring confederates over from Australia or the United States if the sucker—a maharajah or American millionaire perhaps—needed the additional persuasion they could provide."

"I must admit the post-war millionaire is apt to be less gullible than wealthy men used to be, but even so it's so much easier for the underworld to simply rob him with or without violence."

"The old-time con man would consider it an affront to his professional pride if he had to descend to this level."

The Bare-Leg Look Hits Pay Envelopes

Blackpool. The bare-leg look is slimming the pay envelopes of 4,000 knitting machine operators in British full-fashioned stocking mills, a union spokesman said today.

Horace Moulden, President of the Hosiery Workers Union, told delegates to its annual conference that four out of every 10 women now prefer seamless stockings to full-fashioned.

In what sounded like treasonous remarks for a full-fashioned man, Moulden told the workers:

"When you stand a little ways away from a lady wearing seamless stockings, it looks as if she is wearing no stockings at all. It enhances the beauty of a woman's legs." —UPI.

Political Plum

Re-nation, N.Y. Royall Supervisor Francis A. Wittaker said the town would not fill an authorized \$8,000-a-year post of Welfare Officer because town welfare officers "have absolutely nothing to do." —UPI.

Lions Are No Cool Cats

Jazz club owner Alf Richards looked for a lion after dropping plans to cage a live lion in the club as a teenage attraction.

Animal welfare officials told him lions are cats who don't dig the blues—and jazz would only terrify the Lord of the Jungle.

Richards said he planned to set the lion in a gilded cage in Lion and Unicorn Club. "The teenagers would have loved him," he said. But he said he checked first with the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Society sent him a couple of inspectors to take a look. When they heard the band

render "Wild Man's Blues," they decided, "No lion could stand up to the sound of a jazz band." Richards said he is now going to drop the word "lion" from the club's name and simply call it the "Unicorn." He said the RSPCA assures him it has no objections to paying a unicorn in the club—if he can find one. —UPI.

Senator's Teeth Were With The Diapers

Washington.

EVERYTHING comes out in the wash—even a senator's false teeth!

This was shown by a diaper service—By Dee Wash—of Washington—which reported that it collects more than dirty diapers.

Harper L. Schimpff, president of the concern, said that its diaper containers during the past six months have disclosed such odds and ends as:

- ★ Several dozen assorted items of lingerie—other than baby's.
- ★ All shapes and sizes of teddy bears.
- ★ Dolls.
- ★ Ash trays.
- ★ A number of rockets and spacers (toys).
- ★ Four sets of false teeth.
- ★ Two gross of empty beer cans.

The dolls, toys and unmentionables probably could be explained. And, even the space age is understandable. But how do you account for stale cigars, beer cans and false teeth?

UPPER PLATE

If you think that's a problem, Schimpff says you should try to figure to whom these items belong.

He recalled that on one occasion it took some real private eye work to discover that a fancy upper plate had strayed from the home of a well-known senator.

Schimpff, who is celebrating his firm's silver anniversary, is covering up for the legislator as well as covering his baby. "They were beautiful teeth and must cost a fortune," Schimpff said. "But I can't tell you his name." —UPI.

They Weren't Yellow

Swansea.

Two burly young men whose names police withheld were fined for maliciously damaging public flowers here yesterday after police saw them fighting in a public garden, then break off and start swatting each other with daffodils. —UPI.

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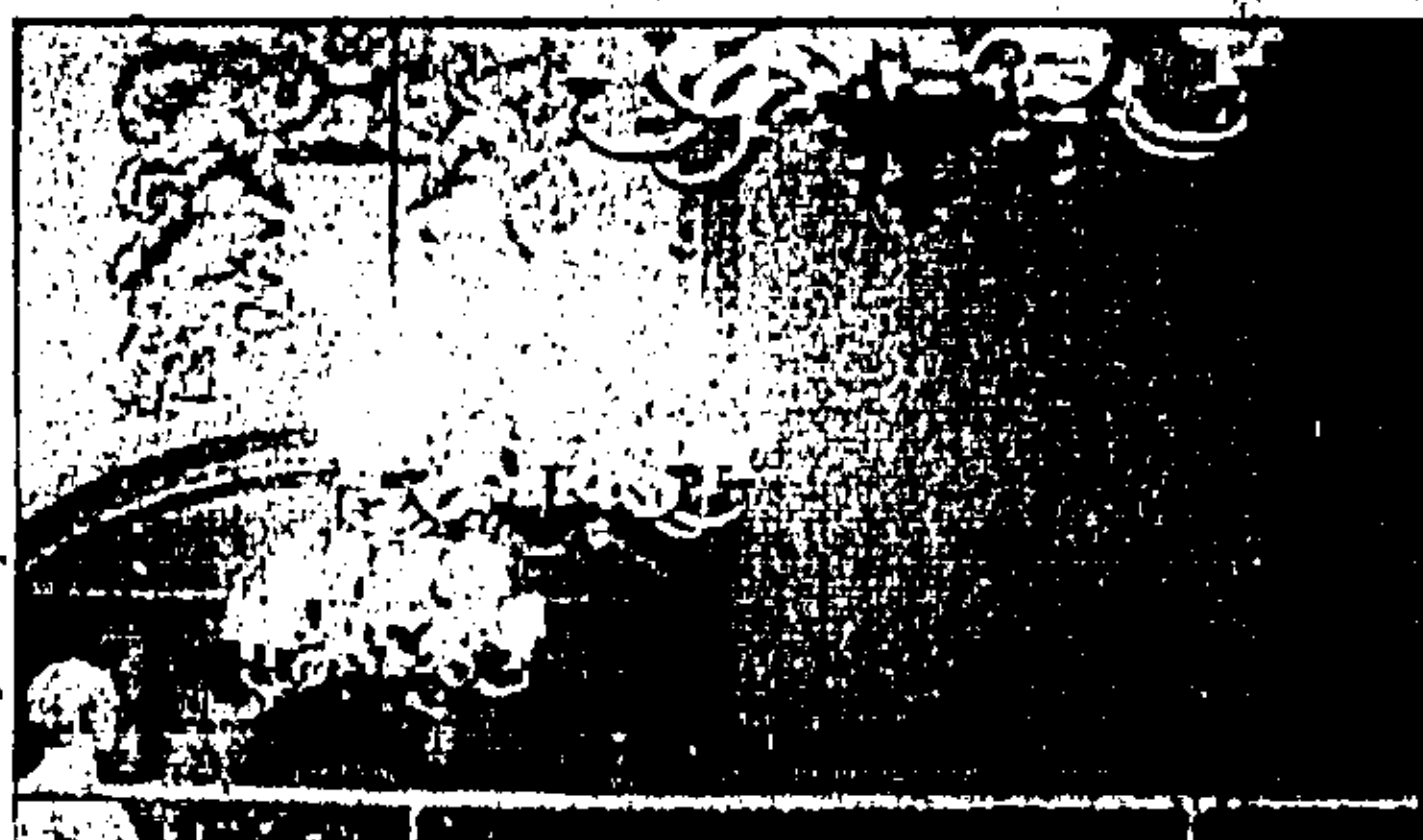
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Princess Margaret arriving in the City recently for a visit to Lloyds. While she was there she became one of the rare outsiders who have heard the Lutina Bell (which is traditionally rung once when an announcement of bad news is to be made, twice when the news is good). On her visit, happily, the bell rang twice, for good news.

★
RIGHT: Led by their band, the Royal Horse Guards, home from Cyprus, march through Windsor on their way to Combermere Barracks. They have been in Cyprus for three years (losing 2 officers and 7 other ranks). The "Blues" are of course half of the elite Household Cavalry, forming with the Life Guards the main body-guard of the Queen.

★
BELOW: Chorus-girls in fishnet nylons and red chiffon aren't an uncommon sight in Glasgow after-hours parties—but the Goonish touch recently was added by the fact that they were dancing in a boxing-ring, a ring in which just a little earlier a series of top-flight boxers had been belting the daylights out of each other. Explanation was that this was a new-style gala entertainment organised for the British Empire Cancer Campaign by two original-minded businessmen members of the Glasgow New Synagogue, Jack Coussins and Jerry Lavar. Ringside tables cost up to £100, whisky £4 a bottle; one businessman bid £65 for a case of whisky, returned it for re-auction, and watched it go for £50; another contributed £200 from the sale of four aging cars. And everybody—of course—threw money—the large, folding kind.



ABOVE: The Brownies are coming to Buckingham Palace again—for the first time since the Queen and her sister grew too old for this junior section of the Girl Guides. For Princess Anne is to join a pack—but it will meet from now on in the palace itself. Picture shows two of the girls in the Brownies pack which Anne is to join—sisters Sally, 11, and Carol, 9, Lewis, daughters of a hotel maintenance engineer.

★ ★ ★
BELOW: Guard Mounting of the Queen's Guard took place on Horse Guard's Parade recently, an age-old ceremony which always takes place in the month prior to trooping the colour before the reigning Sovereign. This picture shows carpenter Edward Hackshaw of Purley carrying on his work oblivious of the pageantry around him as a Guardsman marker stands close by. The carpenter is working on the stands which are erected each year for spectators of the trooping the colour.



ABOVE: Over an onions-and-hash supper in his living room in the vicarage of Kinsbourne Green, Hertfordshire, the new Baron Sandford, curate-in-charge, talked over the change in his title: "Well it will make a difference to my income—I only get £7 a week, although I'm fortunate in having a private income. I'm going to keep my seat in the House of Lords—by clocking in there twice a week I can make as much money as I do in the church. . . I'm not going to give up my job here. . . I still have a job to learn." Lord Sandford will now be known as the Rev. Lord Sandford. Picture shows new baron, new baroness, and daughter Frances, 5.

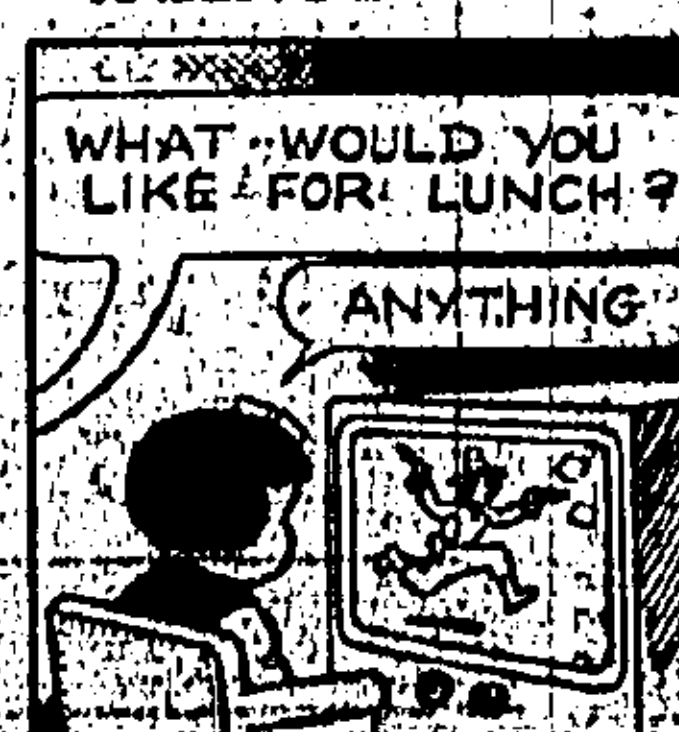


★
LEFT: Three young men were accused in a special magistrate's court recently of conspiracy in the most daring escape plot in the history of Britain's most forbidding prison—Dartmoor. Among them was Edward Charles Ward, 29, who was arrested by patrolling officers inside the prison walls, which he had scaled by means of a scaffolding pole with a rope attached to one end. The two accomplices, John William Hayes, 23, and Benjamin Hillier, 33, were arrested in a car 76 miles away. They had earlier been stopped but allowed to go, 14 miles east of the prison. Picture shows Edward Ward.

★
BELOW: As the Whitsun weekend ended, Britain's heatwave was still going strong. As usual, while the adults stifled, their uninhibited young manage to keep cool with a fine disregard for anything but comfort—like the boy and his ice-cream-sucking girl-friend here.

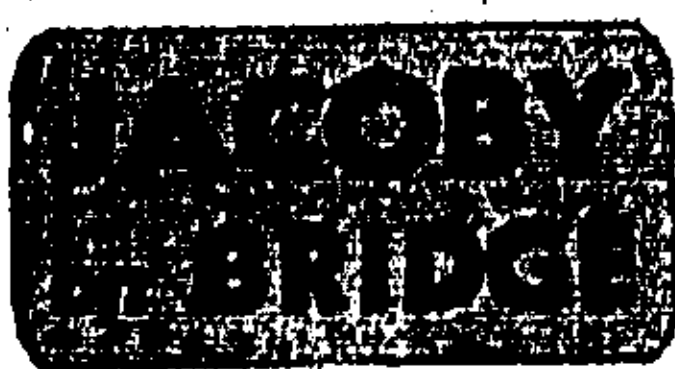


NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller





Experts Can't Win 'Em All

LOOK at the West hand only. You open one diamond. North doubles and your partner jumps to three diamonds. You play the jump raise over a double as fairly weak so you are not too impressed by it.

Now South jumps to four hearts. Should you pass and hope to set this contract or take what looks like a sure loss at five diamonds?

This particular West decided to pass and open his singleton spade. He had two defensive

NORTH 18	
♠ K Q J 3	
♥ K J 6	
♦ K Q	
♣ K 8 5 2	
WEST (D)	
♠ 10	
♥ A 9 7	
♦ A 7 6 3 2	
♣ Q 10 4 3	
EAST	
♠ 8 5 4 2	
♥ 8	
♦ 10 9 8 4	
♣ A 7 5 6	
SOUTH	
♠ A 9 7 5	
♥ Q 10 5 4 3 2	
♦ 8 7	
♣ 7	
East and West vulnerable	
West North East South	
1 ♠ Double 3 ♠ 4 ♥	
Pass Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♠ 10	

tricks himself and hoped to be able to get his partner in to give him a spade ruff.

Everything worked out as he planned. His ace of hearts won trick two, a club lead put his partner in and a spade ruff and the diamond ace set the end.

West was pretty proud of his decision until someone pointed out to him that if he had sacrificed at five diamonds it would not have been a sacrifice at all. With the club finesse working and the diamonds breaking West would have had no trouble at all about making the diamond game.

Q-CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been: East South West North 1 ♠ Pass 2 ♠ 3 ♥

You, South, hold: ♠ 7 5 4 3 2 ♥ A 10 5 ♠ A K 7 4

What do you do?

A—Bid four hearts. Your partner must have a heart suit that can walk around by itself.

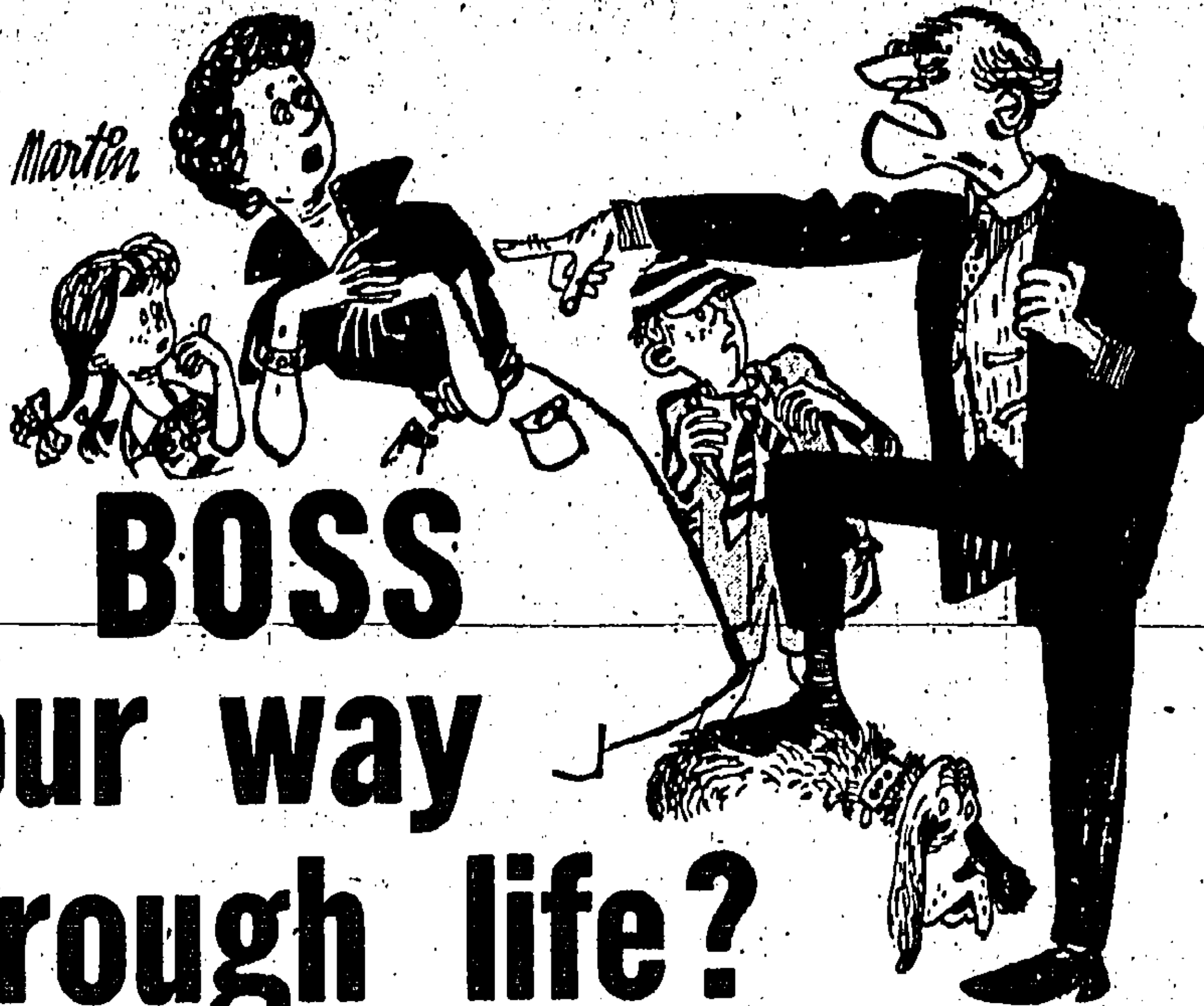
TODAY'S QUESTION

West bids four spades and North and East pass. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

FOR THOSE WHO GET THEIR OWN WAY...AND THOSE WHO'D LIKE TO...

Some people speak their minds and everyone listens; some speak and no one listens; some are afraid to speak; and some, of course, have no mind worth speaking. Ever thought which category YOU belong to?



Do you BOSS your way through life?

THE little man in the crowded restaurant had been waiting 20 minutes to give his order.

Timorously he raised his voice just above conversational level.

"Er... waiter..." Perhaps the waiter did not hear. If he heard, he took no notice.

He was busy attending to the man who had just come in. This man, with imperious joviality, had commandeered the exclusive services of the waiter within seconds of his arrival.

If he was aware that others were impatiently waiting for attention, it did not worry him. He took his time over ordering his food and his wine.

And the little man continued to say, ineffectively, "Er... waiter."

Why this difference in the waiter's response?

Because of the difference between the two men. One was born to command immediate attention. The other was born to be commanded.

Which category do you fall into? Or are you the third type—a man born neither to be browbeaten nor to browbeat others, but to lead the middle course?

Here, to help you find out, are 20 questions devised by the Psychological Consultant—

1 Have you been convicted for a driving offence in the last four years?
(a) Yes.
(b) No.

2 Are you self-conscious when being waited on by servants?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

3 Can you lie if necessary with a completely straight face?
(a) Yes.
(b) No.

4 Do you agree that most people are hiding something they are secretly ashamed of?
(a) Yes.
(b) No.

5 If you were the boss and had to tell your staff something they didn't want to hear, would you—
(a) Try to excuse yourself?
(b) Blame your boss—if you had one?
(c) Let them like it or lump it?
(d) Try to explain the situation?

6 When would you try to dissuade your daughter from marrying someone she had set her mind on—
(a) If she were under 18?
(b) If she had known him for only a month?
(c) If you considered him undesirable?
(d) If he could not support her?

7 If someone invites you out with your wife (or husband) do you usually—
(a) Accept (or turn it down) on the spot?
(b) Wait and see what the wife/husband has to say first?

8 Which do you think the country needs most?
(a) People who know their own mind?
(b) People who are willing to listen to reason?

9 If all the following professions were paid the same and you had to choose one, which would you rather be—
(a) a policeman?
(b) a secretary?
(c) a salesman?
(d) a fireman?
(e) a missionary?

HOW DO YOU RATE?

First, add up your marks—

1. a=3, b=1.
2. a=1, b=3.
3. a=3, b=1.
4. a=3, b=1.
5. a=1, b=2, c=3, d=2.
6. a=1, b=1, c=3, d=2.
7. a=3, b=1.
8. a=3, b=1.
9. a=3, b=1, c=1, d=3, e=3, f=1.
10. a=1, b=3.

11. a=3, b=1.
12. a=3, b=1.
13. a=1, b=3.
14. a=1, b=3.
15. a=3, b=1.
16. a=3, b=1.
17. a=3, b=1.
18. a=1, b=3.
19. a=3, b=1.
20. a=3, b=1.

Now, what type are you? OVER 52: Yes, you are the dominating type all right. Your friends have never told you? Well, you wouldn't believe them anyway. Your main characteristic is that you say what you think with complete indifference to other people's views.

This quiz is nonsense, you say? Well, that's just what

one would expect from all over 52-types. 28 TO 51: Neither a browbeater nor a brow-beaten, but someone who stands up for himself when necessary, but is also considerate of others. 21 AND UNDER: You wouldn't say boo to a goose, much less to someone you knew personally—unless, of course, they weren't there to hear it. —(London Express Service).



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KOWLOON

Brand of Satan

THIS is the devil's brand. Every true devotee of Satan who has been initiated with the full filthy canon of the black art bears this brand somewhere on his or her body.

It is not a brand made by burning. It is not a brand made by any human agency. It is not always visible.

You do not believe it? Well, I can only tell you that I spent an evening with a man who has such a brand on his leg—a man I have known for some time, who was formerly a squadron-leader in the Royal Air Force and a world-famous writer on the occult, and who was most definitely initiated into the black art.

He does not practise it any more because HE IS AFRAID. But, although he no longer goes to the Black Mass, the brand remains. Sometimes it is not visible—BUT IT ALWAYS RETURNS!

"I suppose," he told me, "that when I draw my last breath I shall see this mark reminding me that although I have given up the Devil, he has not forgotten me."

Humbug?

You may say: "Humbug. Rubbish!" But would you like to live with the brand, knowing you had sinned in a way which men have believed for centuries is the gravest sin?

I am telling this story because the words "Devil Party" were in the headlines in Britain recently. I know that the events described had nothing to do with a genuine "Devil Party" but were just a foolish and innocent escapade. Even so, I feel I must warn all teenagers—not only in Britain but elsewhere—against an evil cult which must be stamped out.

The latter circle of initiates is very difficult to get into unless you have money and a certain peculiar, detached intelligence.

There are false black arts, just as there are false religions. What begins as "innocent" fun

can lead to the real thing and the consequences may be disastrous.

You ask "Why?"

I say only this: I have seen with my own eyes the stigma of the devil on a living man.

This man told me the stigmata first appeared when he was initiated into black magic arts on a lonely, windswept isle off the northern coast of Scotland.

He described the ceremony to me in considerable detail. He could not have invented the story—he has not the gift of invention.

Officiating at the Mass he says, was a hooded, destituted priest clad in purple. The "novices" wore white monks' robes—not black. There was a beautiful naked woman and a goat.

I do not intend to tell you any more about the ceremony. But I call your attention to the goat.

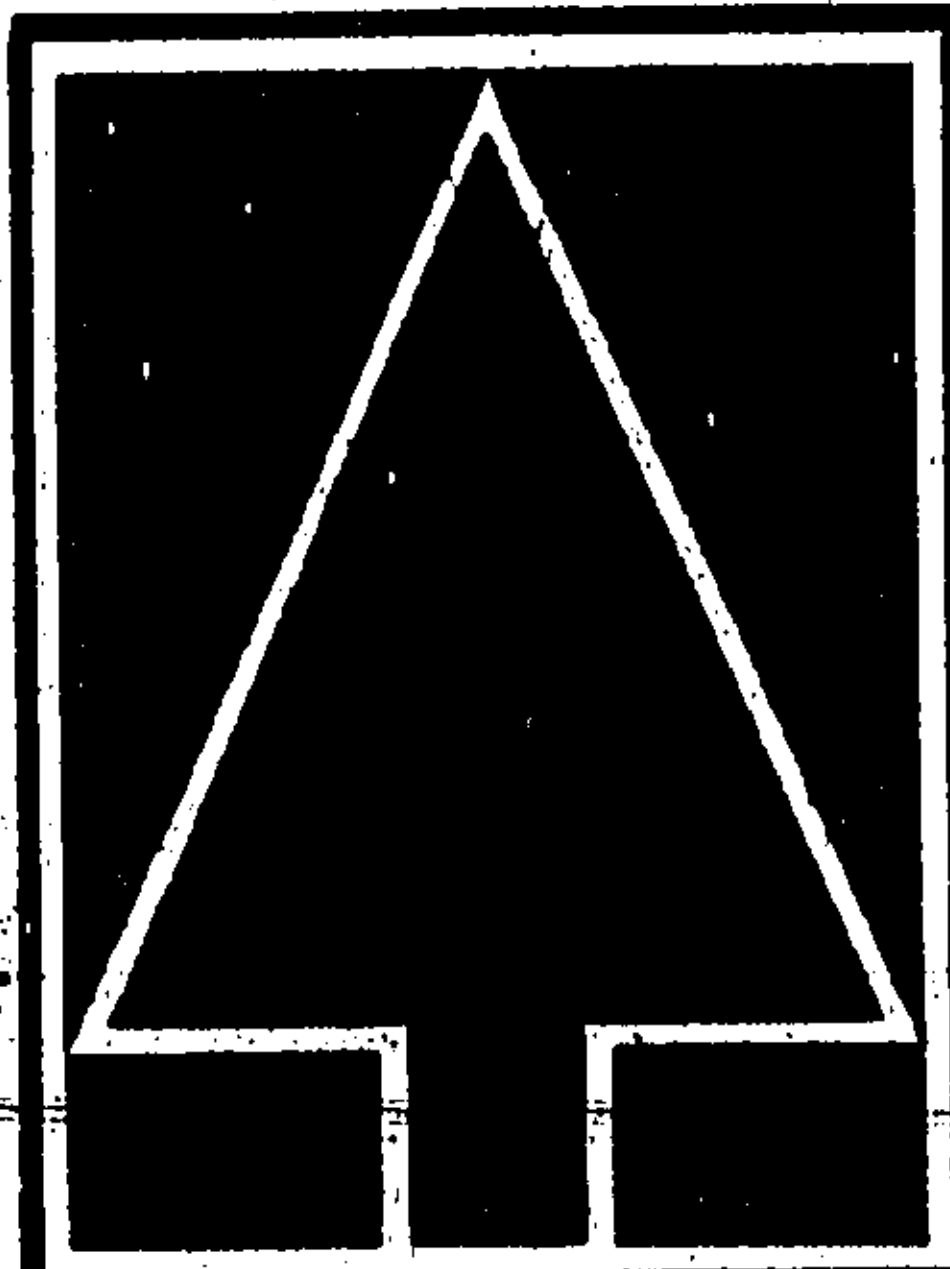
Women

It is an essential part of all black mass ceremonies. The "Devil's brand" which you see reproduced at the beginning of this article is a simplified reproduction of the hoof of a goat.

In a second, concluding, article on Monday Victor Hudson tells what ex-Detective Superintendent Robert Fabian, formerly of Scotland Yard, has to say concerning this vile cult.

This evil must be stamped out!

Says VICTOR HUDSON



The goat, you will find, figures in all authentic stories of the black art.

The squadron-leader who bears at times the brand of the goat's hoof has a strange fascination for many beautiful young women. It is not because he buys them expensive gifts. He doesn't.

Many women just cannot resist him. And to do the squadron-leader justice, I do not think he can help it, either.

The Orgy

"Why," I asked him, "are you afraid? You say you have given up the devil. Are you afraid because of your immortal soul?"

"Not entirely," he said. "You must understand that there are comparatively few of us who have genuinely been initiated into the black art. There are a lot of people who play at it."

"On the night of my full moon silly people, who do not know the dreadful truth, will meet to worship the Devil."

"But the penalties for betraying the true secrets of the black art are terrible. The reason why I became afraid is that black magic, as it is called, is like a drug. It saps your will-power."

"You have no more consciousness of even your own standards of right and wrong. You are, in fact, possessed by an evil spirit."

"I decided that I had had enough. I was breaking away from black magic as worse than breaking yourself of opium smoking. It is a living hell."

"This brand of the goat—which will remain with me always. How did I get it? I do not know. I remember the priest, the goat, the beautiful naked girl and the orgy, which followed, and then I was unconscious. The brand appeared later."

"I have at times thought I was rid of it."

"But suddenly, perhaps in the bath, it is staring at me, reminding me that I once belonged to the Devil."

"Perhaps I still do. That I shall not know until I die. I fear the worst and I have to live with that mark. I am a man apart, and all my ac-

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MEDITATION

SUPPLICATION

MELANCHOLY

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CONTENTMENT

SORROW

Curious Characters: No. 2

The Shyest Man In The World

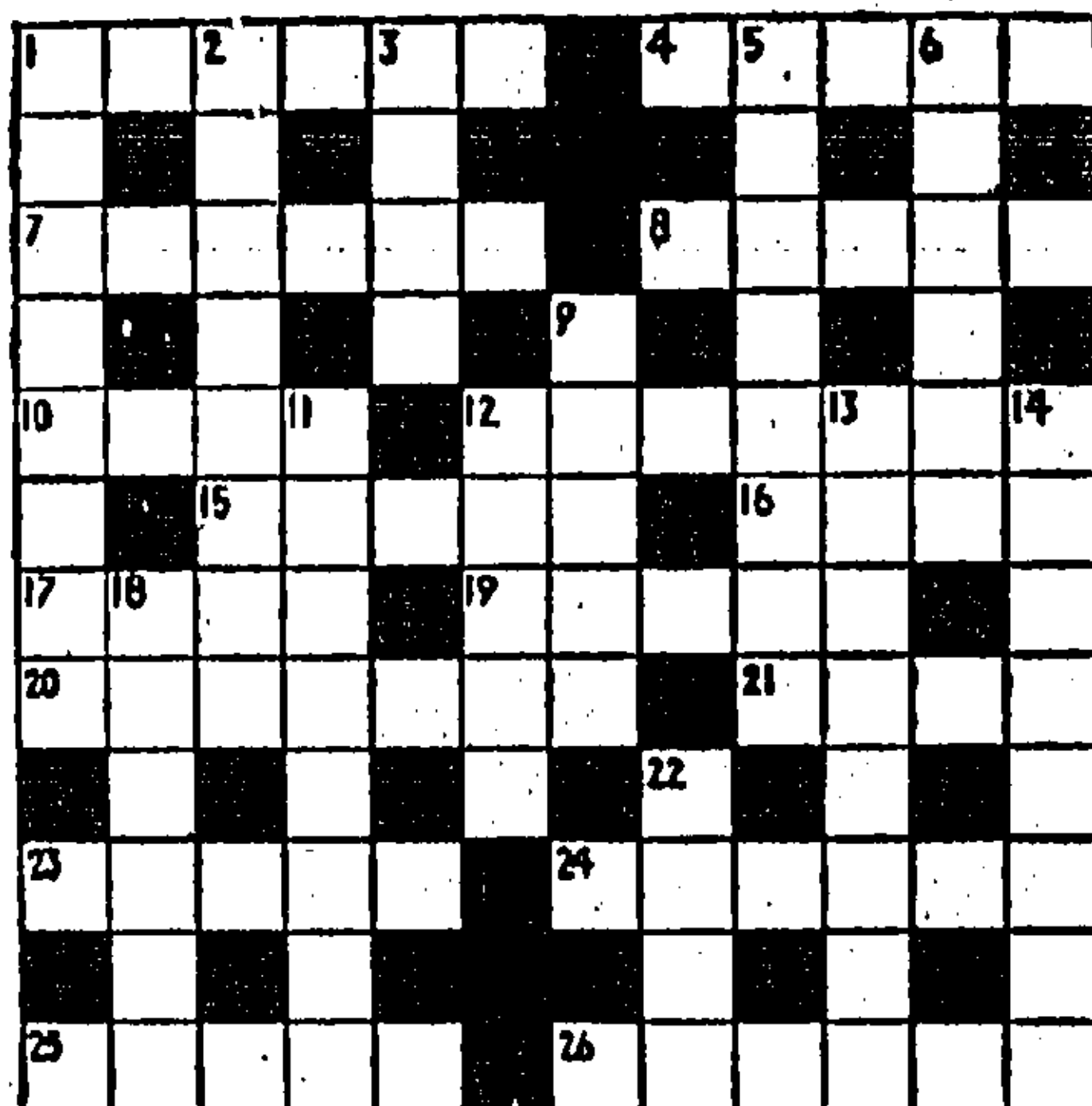
ONE thing you had to remember when talking to the Honourable Henry Cavendish—to keep your back to him.

For, noted as he was for his erudition among the great scientists of the 18th Century, the Hon. Henry was even more noted for his incredible shyness. If you looked him straight in the eyes, he would turn and flee.

This shyness, however, did not prevent the world's scientific elite from observing the Hon. Henry's extraordinary experiments in the laboratory he had built in his drawing-room. With their backs turned of course.

Cavendish's terror of strangers went further than that. He built a second staircase in his Clapham (London) home, so that he need never meet anybody about the house. Any man who accidentally met him there was instantly dismissed. He discussed domestic matters with his housekeeper by leaving notes on the hall table and peering round the door to see that she read them. The housekeeper, for her part, had to peer round another door to avoid an encounter.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Flexible (6)
 - Feasible (8)
 - Gambling-place (8)
 - Moving (5)
 - Way out (4)
 - Frugal (7)
 - Couple (5)
 - Curd stake (4)
 - Valley (4)
 - Mad (5)
 - Ship (7)
 - Pleasant (4)
 - Ape (5)
 - Fruit (7)
 - Carousal (5)
 - Stick (6)
- DOWN**
- Follows on (8)
 - Angling accessory (4)
 - Chuck (8)
 - Customer (6)
 - Weapon (5)
 - Essay (8)
 - Twist (5)
 - Point out (8)
 - Produce (8)
 - Garb (8)
 - Stout (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Carrying, 8 Bedouin, 9 Rejoiced, 11 Stunted, 12 Wane, 13 Total, 16 Ache, 22 Diverges, 24 Corridor, 25 Western, 26 Lovers' suit. Down: 1 Abuse, 2 Edits, 3 Curator, 4 Abel, 5 Head, 6 Thrust, 7 Gadget, 10 Potal, 14 Thind, 15 Severe, 18 Canal, 17 Sherry, 20 Asap, 21 Using, 22 Dial, 23 Vows.

• BY • THE • WAY • by Beachcomber

A SUGGESTION that there should be music in every aquarium, to attract customers, is obviously a prelude to informal dances and singings. Then psychiatrists will be able to note the effects of the rumpus on the fish.

Will the Japanese hake have an attack of nerves? Will the Barbados mackerel sulk in a corner of its tank? And if a spotted bucc shows symptoms of pteriosis or fish-hysterics, will the curator be able to cleave his way through the dancers in time to soothe his charges by drumming on the glass of the tank in a peculiarly therapeutic manner?

Fun in the bank

BOYS who get their heads stuck between railings are usually released by a fire brigade, but one can sympathise with the bank cashier who did not know what to do when a grown man got his head stuck in the grille. The boyish gesture may have been a prank, but the difficulty is to explain to other customers that the captive is not transacting business but merely playing some childish game, like the bored harpist who stuck her head through the drumming on the glass of the tank at a concert in Chelsea.

ham and made faces at the piccolo-player.

"The Girl from Blagoveshchenok"

"ARE there any Russian musical comedies?" There is at least one, which I wrote myself. It contains the haunting "Song of the Cossack Maid." Oh, I was brought up correctly, in a very respectable home. But one day I decided to go out a bit. I started on my travels, and I didn't have far to roam. Now I'm one of the ruins. Truly, knocked about a bit.

ASIAN MOVIE QUEEN YU MING TELLS HOW SHE CAME UP THE HARD WAY

Lulu's bitter-sweet success

AT 23, Lulu is on top of Asian stardom.

"Am I happy!" said petite Lucilla Yu Ming, winner of the best actress award in the Sixth Asian Film Festival. "I actually cried over the moment!"

Lulu is not a silly girl. She cried not just because she was overjoyed.

To her the award was bitter-sweet.

For the red carpet to the throne of the Asian movie queen for 1959 has been handloomed with six years of unrecongnised endeavour in 21 feature-length pictures that cost her studios over \$3,000,000.

Lulu won the laurels at the Festival with her difficult portrayal of a girl's inner conflict in "Her Tender Heart"—where she is torn between her love for an admitted father and her affection for an alienated mother.

Maybe she acted partly from experience because six years ago she was torn also—between a school and a studio.

Born of a Roman Catholic family, Lulu, then attending Macao's Sacred Heart School, was discovered by a talent scout of Shaws who happened to know her father, a theatrical figure in Cantonese opera.

★ ★ ★

"As if Fate would have it so, I was practically dragged out of my class room into a movie studio one year before my graduation," said Lulu in an interview that took place in an air-conditioned room.

"After a screen test, I signed on with Shaws for a five-year contract, which was later extended for one more year."

She knew she had worked hard in 20 odd pictures while all the time her company had left no stone unturned trying to make her a box-office draw.

At the expiry of her term with Shaws, the contract was not renewed.

It was then she went on a five-month tour of America, incidentally looking in on her eldest younger brother who was studying medicine with her support. "It was a promise fulfilled

and I am so happy about it," Lulu said with delight.

For Lulu, eldest of six in the family, had three brothers and two sisters. "I promised to help them study in America if ever I got a contract," she recalled.

By **DAVID LAN**

Broadway beckoned to her in New York. For Lulu was offered a part in "The Flower Drum Song" by the famed producing team of Rogers and Hammerstein. She turned it down.

"Because I feared I might have to stay on for two years—a bit too long. And my portrayal of Oriental life might be difficult for the American producers to understand," she explained.

Besides, the Broadway play was a musical and I had little confidence in myself. On the other hand, Motion Picture and General Investment had approached me for a contract. I thought I should not jeopardise my career in Hongkong. So I decided to come back."

No regrets. Her decision was justified. For here she is, starting off with a bang. And it's just the beginning of her two-year contract with MP and GI under which she has to make a total of eight pictures.

Modest as ever, Lulu attributed the success of a film to teamwork in general. "It's always many-sided," as she put it.

"No one can monopolise the credit. The script-writer, the director, the casting director, the actors and actresses all have a share in the success of a picture."

Of her acting, she said: "It's no trick at all. It comes by time. I don't know how others go about it but each has his own way. I read books, see movies, and savour life as it comes along—that's what I do when I am off."

"Before going on set, I study the script by heart. When actually on the set, I listen to the director. And when the time comes for 'Camera!' I live the role I play, forgetting about everything else."



Her tastes are simple—a good book and a comfortable chair.

A versatile actress, Lulu has no bias against any role the script may call for, but believes that somehow the screenplay should suit her character and that it's always better to cast her in her own age.

Primarily an introvert, the star has definite ideas of her own on various subjects. On films, for example, she thinks that "movies owe it to the public to educate, and reflect realities instead of merely to entertain."

And she made it understood that all in a movie star's life is not roses and glamour.

During the shooting season, for instance, the studio works on three shifts daily: 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., 12 noon to 12 midnight, and worst of all, 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. "I have tasted them all," she said.

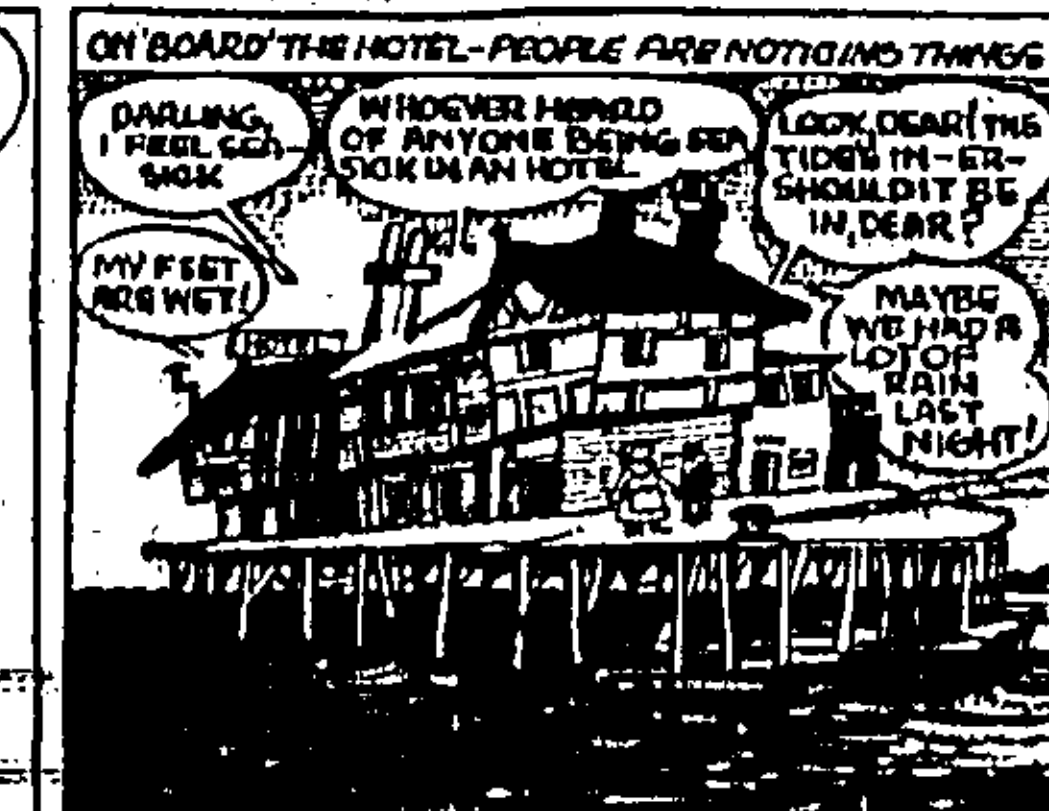
To recuperate from a hard day's work, Lulu likes to retire rather than romp around the town. Though a star herself, Lulu still likes to go to the cinema. "I feel like missing something if I don't go to a new picture."

Needless to say, she has many friends—boys and girls. Lulu seldom takes things seriously. But Lulu has one pal whom she loves wholeheartedly. It's Mimi, her three-year-old Pekinese.

Lulu and Mimi get along so well that they share the same bed.

Like most stars, Lulu enjoys water-skiing, swimming, driving, playing the piano, singing popular songs, dancing rock 'n' roll, cha-cha and calypso.

FOUR D. JONES . . .



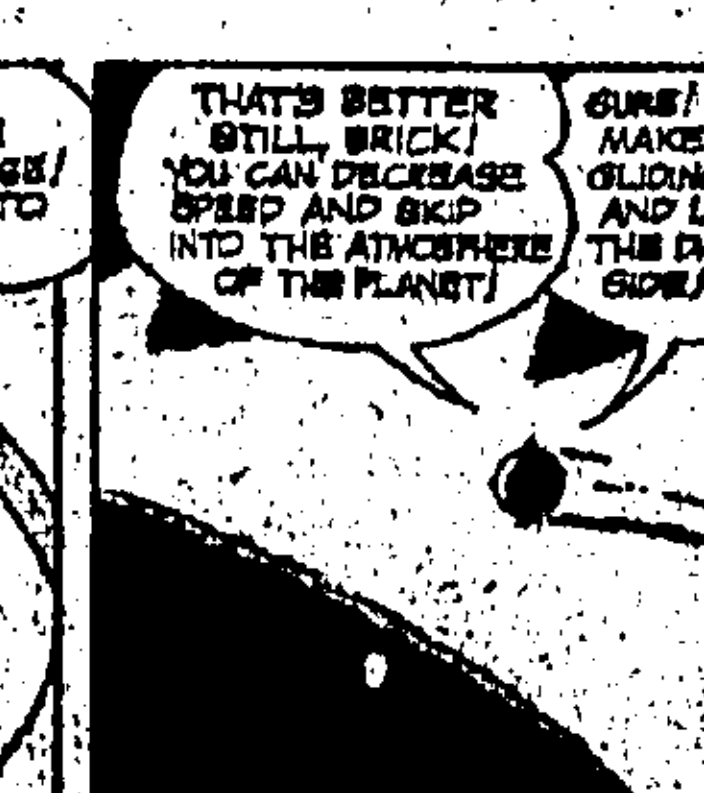
by MADDOCKS

FERD'NAND



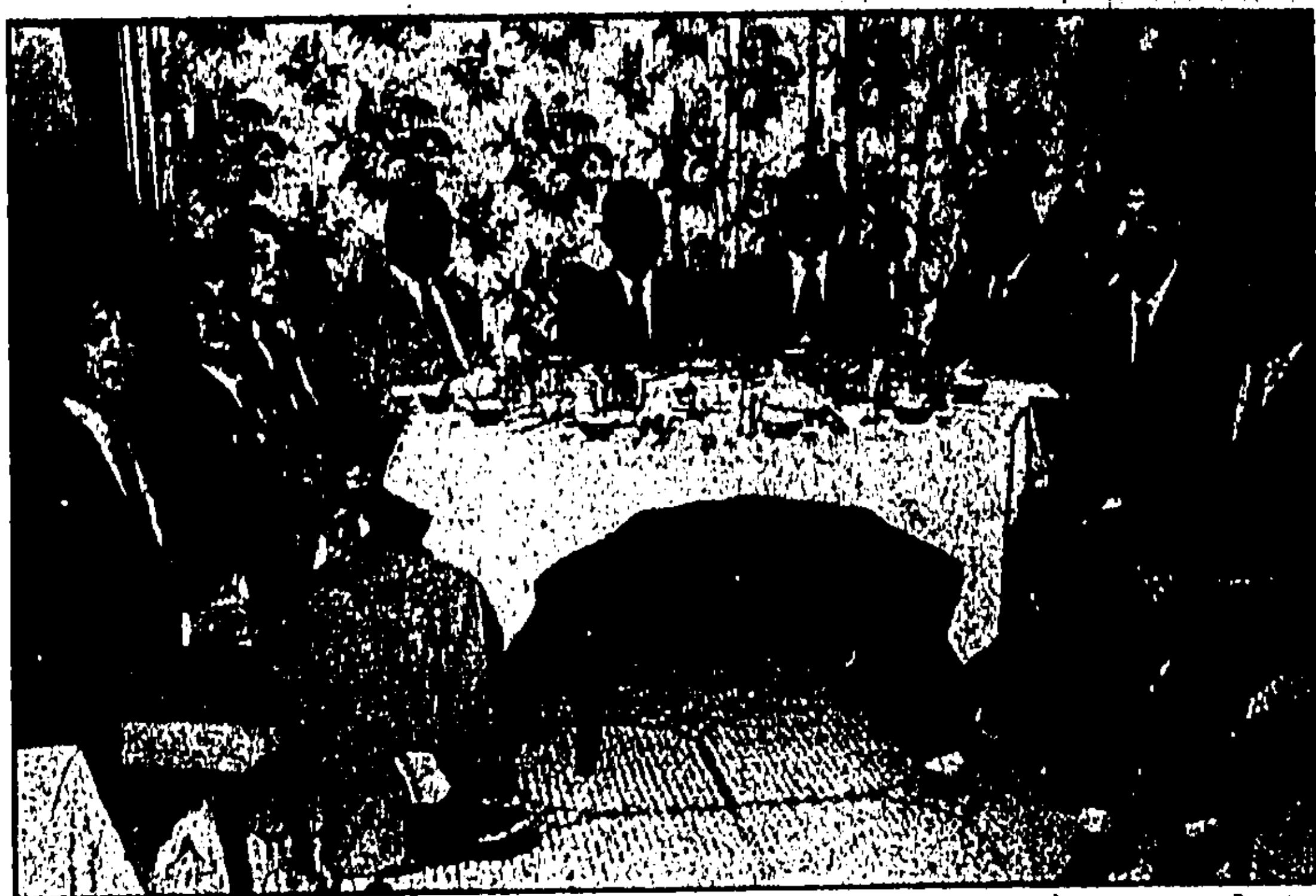
By Mib

BRICK BRADFORD



By Paul Norris





★ ★ ★
LEFT: The Chiyu Banking Corporation Ltd., gave a dinner party at the Golden Dragon Restaurant on Sunday in honour of Mr. Ko Teck-kin, Chairman of the Chung Kwei Bank and the Singapore Chinese Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Ko is seen sitting at centre. The hosts were Mr. Tankhuat Siong, Managing Director of the Chiyu Banking Corporation (extreme right) and Mr. Tan Khok-sen (extreme left), Manager of the Corporation.
★ ★ ★



★ ★ ★
LEFT: Many people attended a religious concert given at the Chinese Christian Missionary Alliance Church, Kowloon, last week. Seen here is the choir of the Alliance Bible Seminary who organised the event.
★ ★ ★



ABOVE: Methodist women in Hongkong had an inaugural ceremony at their church in Wanchai this week to mark their affiliation with the world Federation of Methodist Women.
★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★
BELOW: Mr. Brian Rootes, director of Rootes Motors Ltd, London, who arrived in Hongkong on a world tour, was guest of honour at a cocktail party given at Repulse Bay Hotel this week. Seen are (l-r) Mr. and Mrs. O. Sadick, Mr. P. C. Garrett and Mr. Rootes.
★ ★ ★



LEFT: Mr. H. C. Lee (centre), general manager and proprietor of Sun Hing Company, was host at a dinner last week to commemorate the inauguration of the Burma Five Star Line service to Hongkong. Sun Hing are the Hongkong agents for the Line.
★

★
BELOW: Capt. and Mrs. Robert Miller Mangles cut their wedding cake after their marriage at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. The bride, formerly Miss Mary Rose Hodgson, is wearing her family's 150-year-old bridal veil.



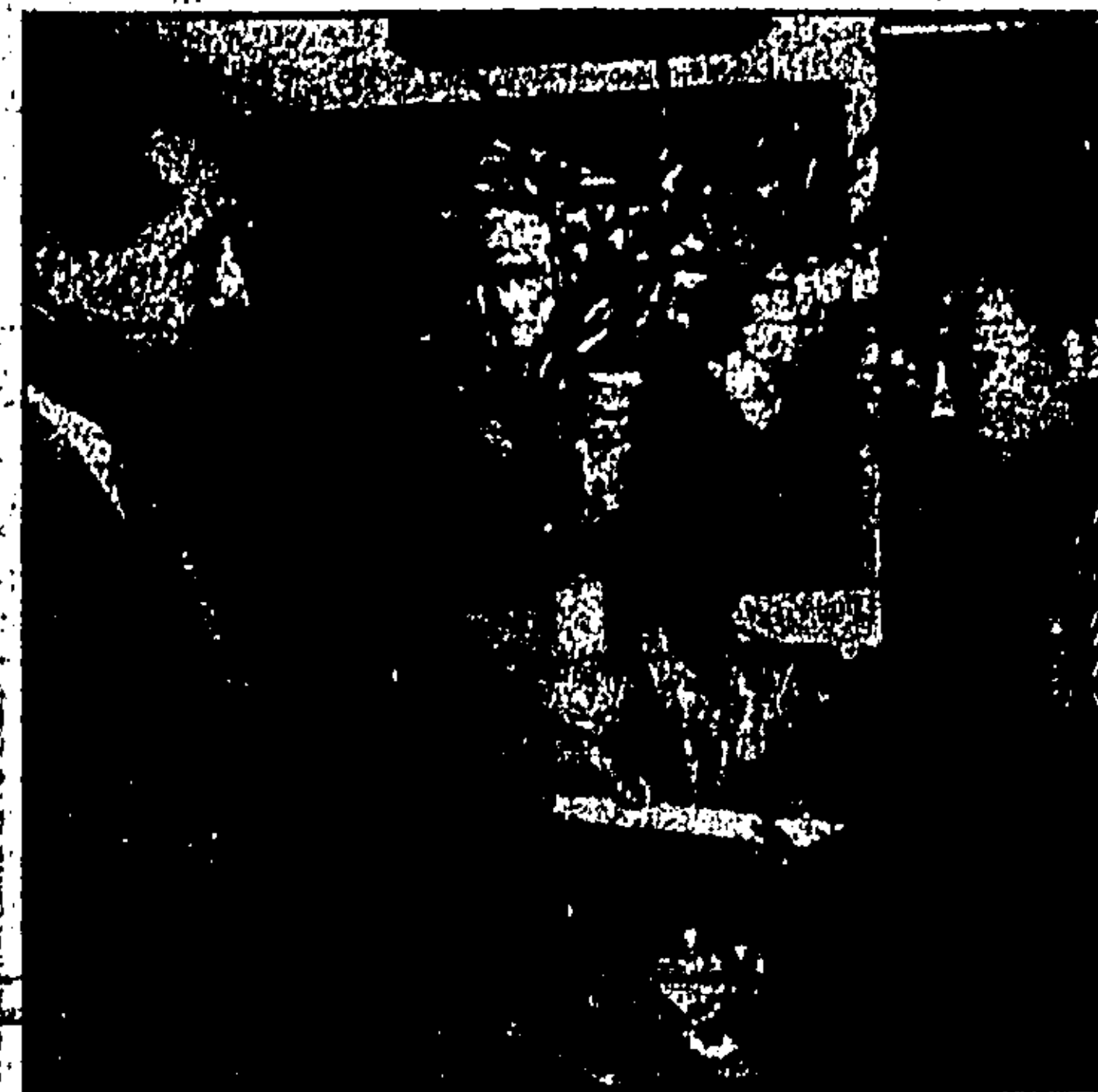
LEFT: Miss Carole Mok (right) and Mrs. W. S. Merick who helped to model cotton garments at a press conference of the American Women's Association of Hongkong this week, when it was revealed that a fashion show will be held here in July to promote interest in cotton goods of every nation.
★

★
BELOW LEFT: Rev. Fr. F. J. Howatson, SJ, presents Chan Har-chai with a badge at the inauguration of the For Kwong Club, a senior club organised by the Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association.



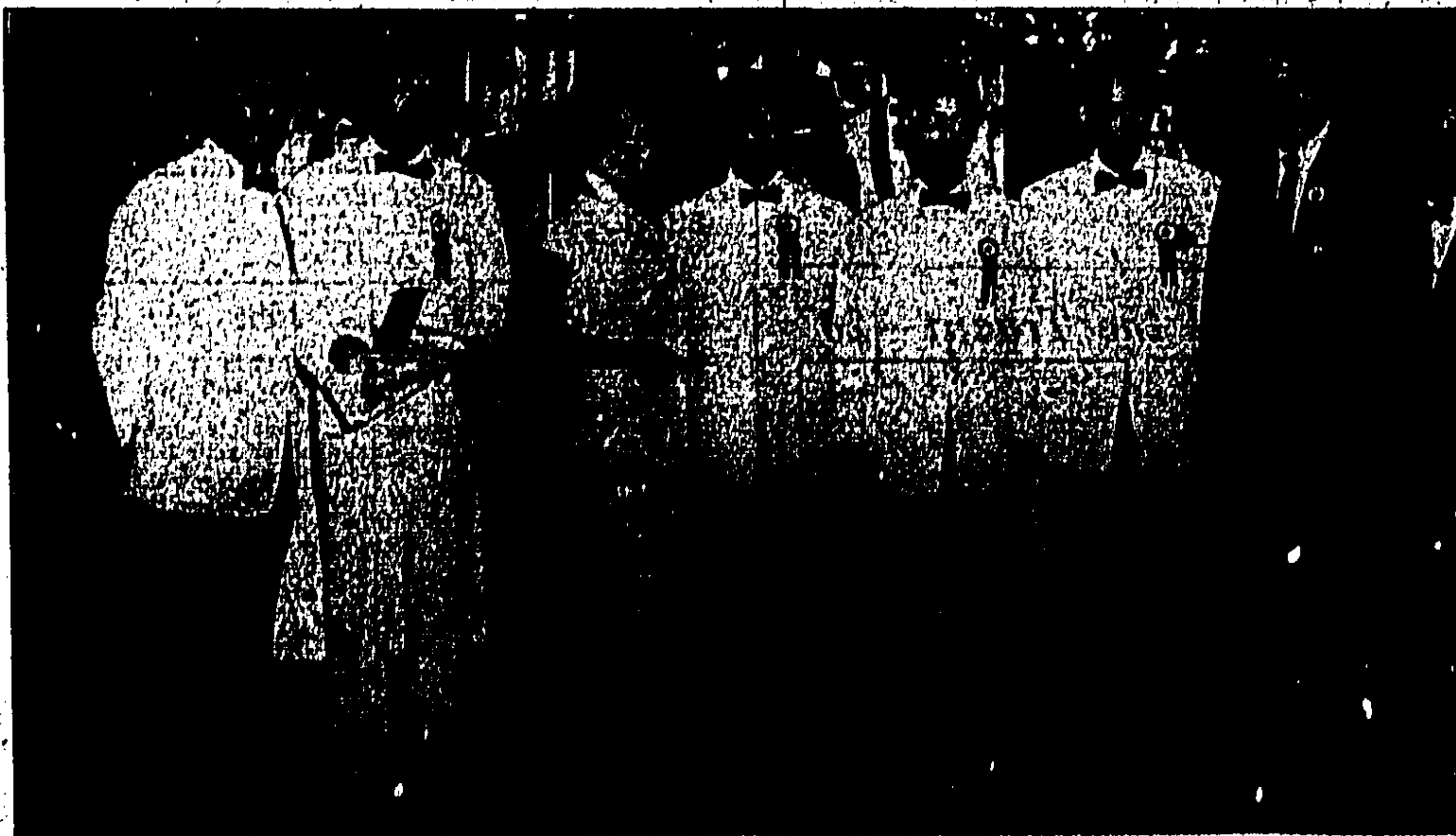
ABOVE: Sir Robert Black, the Governor (right), chats with Mr and Mrs. R. Dunlop of Rediffusion, during the cocktail party at the opening of the Company's new premises by the Governor this week.
★

★
BELOW: Miss Chan Joy-yin, Assistant Youth Welfare Officer, poses with Miss Dorothy Lee (right), Youth Welfare Officer, shortly before her departure for Singapore to take up a scholarship at the University of Malaya this week.



BELOW: Glamorous film star Lin Dai and Sir Tsun-nin Chau jointly performed the opening ceremony of the Highball Restaurant and Nightclub, Kowloon's newest entertainment spot, on Wednesday. Miss Lin Dai poses here with officials of the nightclub.

ABOVE: Fourteen young Shatin farmers received certificates and prizes for completing a course in modern farming methods recently. Here, Mr. E. H. Nichols of the Agriculture, Fisheries and Forestry Department, presents a certificate to one of them.



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ABOVE: Dorothy Simpson Smith who gave a piano recital last week at the Gloucester Hotel.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: A cocktail party in honour of visiting German officials and journalists was given by Mr Alan de Boismenu, of Air France, this week. Seen here are (l-r) Mr Hallock L. Rose and Dr and Mrs Otto Braetigam, the German Consul-General.



ABOVE: Mr J. C. McDouall, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, presenting Mr Seaker S. K. Chan with a certificate during last week's annual meeting of the Hongkong and Kowloon Theatre Managements Association.



ABOVE: Mr A. G. Parker, Director of Marine, presents a recruit with a prize during a passing-out parade for 29 marine recruit police constables last week. Mr Parker took the salute.



ABOVE: General Sir Richard Hull (centre), Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces, inspects a mortar team during his visit to the Royal Hongkong Defence Force this week.

★ ★ ★



LEFT: Mr John Mackenzie, President of the Hongkong Jaycees, has a dance during the Junior Chamber of Commerce's dance party at the Correspondents' Club last week.



LEFT: Fascinated youngsters at the Salvation Army's exhibition of work by children held in Kowloon last week.

BELOW: Sir Tsun-Nin Chau (right) chats with Mr Ko Teck-kin, Chairman of the Chung Kiat Bank, after the opening of the Hongkong branch of the bank at Connaught Road Central last week.

ABOVE: A photograph taken at the cocktail party at the Hongkong Club last week for four British delegates to the recent ECAFE/ITU conference in Tokyo.

BELOW: Mr D. Benson, a member of the Board of Directors of the South China Morning Post, poses with Mr Yiu Cheuk-yin, who won the China Mail Cup for being once again the "Footballer of the Year." This is the third year in succession that Mr Yiu has won the trophy.



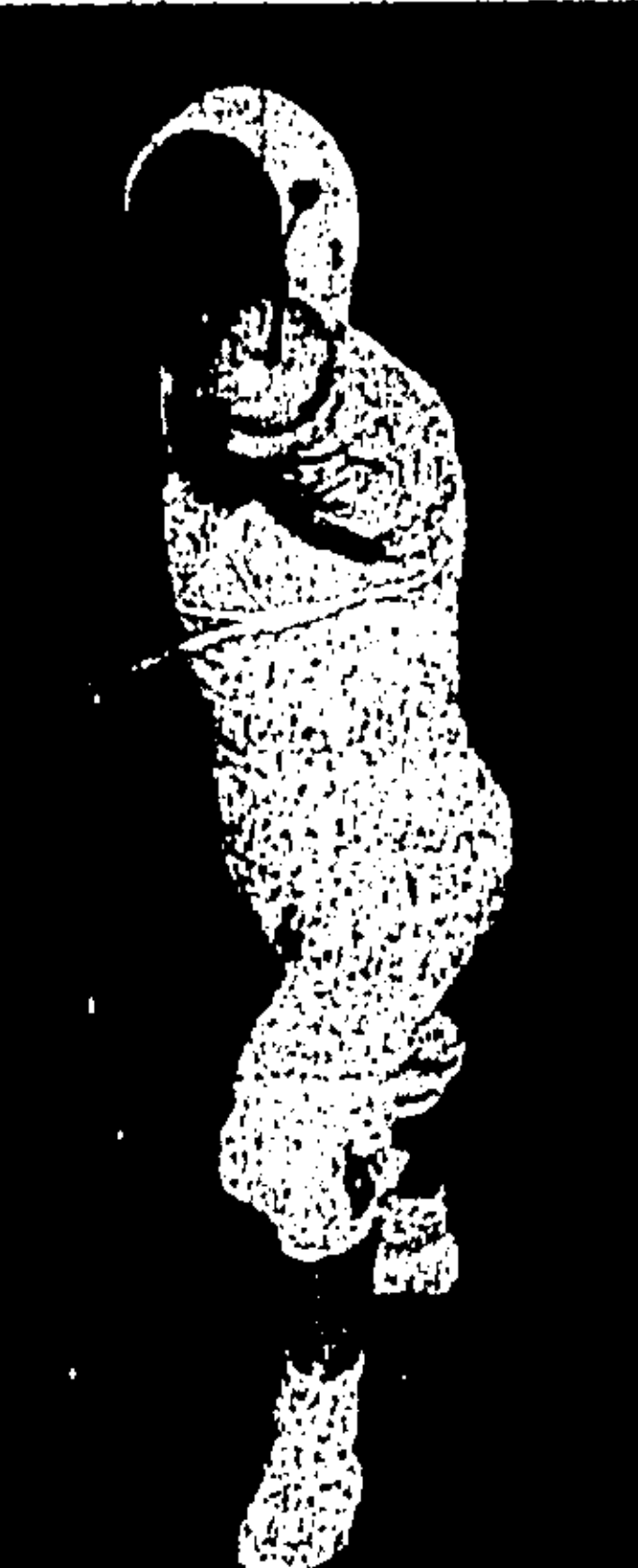
ABOVE: Mr and Mrs John McNeill pose for a farewell picture before leaving by Boac for a holiday this week.



ABOVE: Miss Barbara Black arrives for the opening of a painting exhibition by Miss Elva Blacker at the British Council last week. The display closes today. Accompanying her is Mr P. A. English, A.D.C. to the Governor.



BELOW: A farewell party for Mr and Mrs Thomas P. Dillon was given by the U.S. Consul-General, Mr John M. Steeves this week. Seen at left are Mr Dillon, former executive officer at the Consulate, and Mr Steeves greeting guests.



ABOVE: En Gardol Capt. P. Leach takes his stance during FARELF Fencing Championships, Hongkong Zone, held in the European Y.M.C.A. last week.



BELOW: Mrs D. Y. Lin (left), wife of the President of the Chung Chi College, receives a bouquet for distributing prizes to winners of the photo contests sponsored by the College's Photographic Club recently.



BILLY HAYES & DORIS FAYE with their hilarious comedy routine

nightly with The Rocky Fellers Combo at

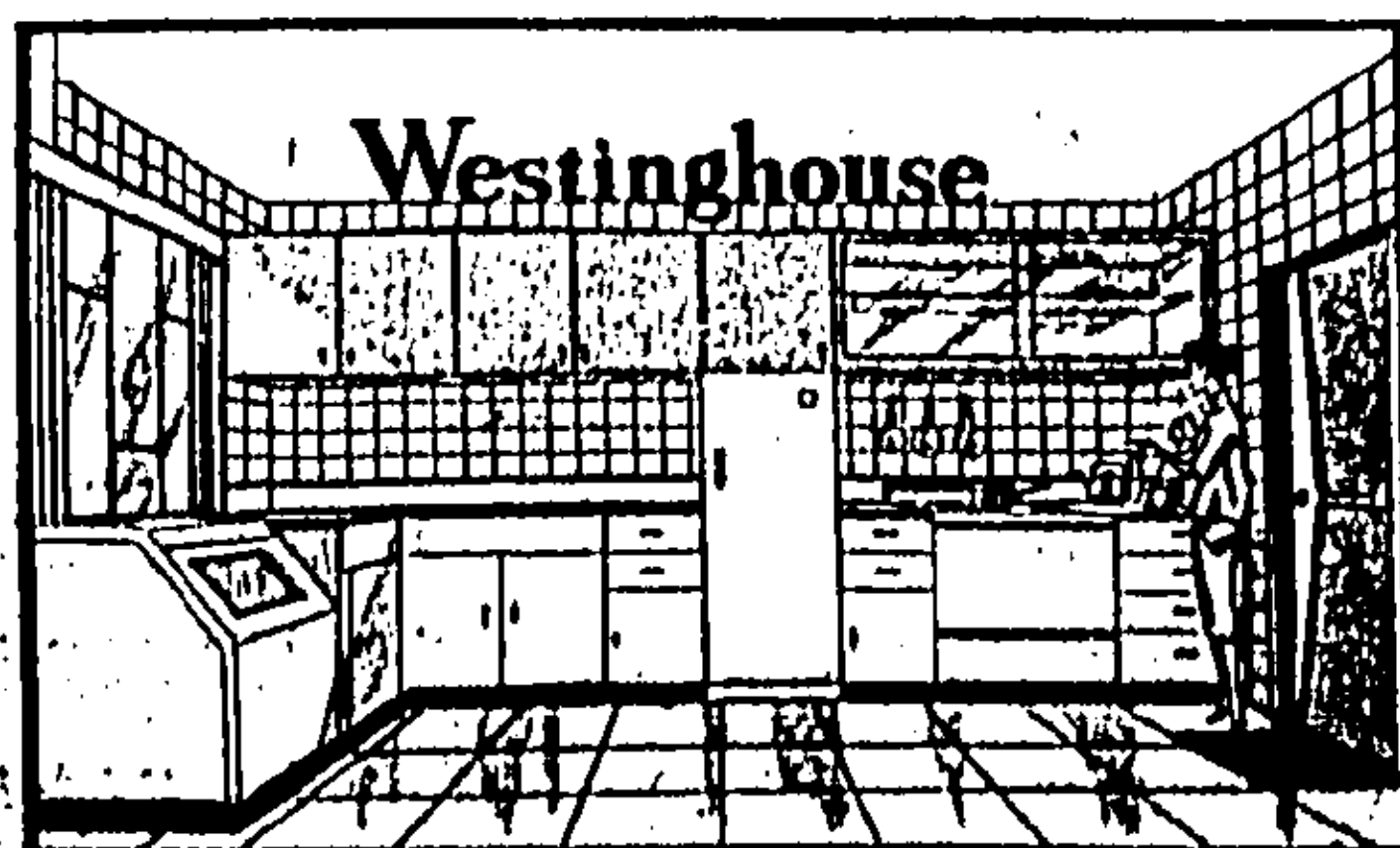
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ROBERT PITMAN'S book page

Is this the secret lure of the kimono cult?



I REPORT the return of a fascinating little lady of the East. A lady who first fluttered and fanned her way across the stage when Grandma was a girl.

I refer to that prototype G.I. bride, *Madam Butterfly*.

Do you remember *Butterfly*? Fifty-five years have passed since she first plunged a knife into her little midriff after being deserted by the tenor-voiced Pinkerton. She has gone on plunging it regularly since then—matinees included. But she has survived.

She has survived Western reaction against Japan's war atrocities, against the Communist victory in China.

And now she is going beyond mere survival. In New York, Paris, London she is making a sensational come-back.

On Broadway almost every successful show has an Oriental heroine. In France the East is influencing the new spring clothes.

And in Britain? Examine the fiction shelves in your local bookshop. From cover after cover the same glamorous slant eyes peer out.

Why? For years in British fiction the men and women of the East devoted their time almost exclusively to dope-peddling and piracy under the sagacious leadership of Dr Fu Manchu.

The question

How has *Madam Butterfly* managed to out Fu Manchu? Why is the Far Eastern heroine dominating our love stories once more?

Well, let us look at some of those stories.

Look at **THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG**, by Richard Mason (Collins, 10s.). Pretty Suzie first appeared between hard covers in 1937. Soon she appears in a paper-back format, *Suzie Wong* (2s. 6d.).

She is also the leading lady of a glittering new musical on Broadway.

But Suzie's background in the novel is not glittering at all. She works in the Nam Kok, a house of fairly ill repute on the Hongkong waterfront.

An English painter named Lomax comes to live at the Nam Kok. He begins by sketching Suzie in her working clothes. He ends by marrying her. As he returns with her to Britain the thought of the thousands of other men in her life does not worry him at all.

What then does Suzie's story tell us about the new attractions of the Oriental heroine?

Do you conclude that the appeal for Western readers lies in respectably distant vice?

That cannot be the whole explanation.

Look at **IF CHANCE A STRANGER**, by Charles Fullerton (Harvill, 13s. 6d.). There is nothing sordid about the background here.

Fitchard, the hero, escapes by boat from a Japanese prisoner camp. But the boat is mined. Off a beach in Japan a school-master finds him floating, nearly dead with injuries.

Luckily for Fitchard, the schoolmaster loves England. Secretly he takes the wounded man to his home. His young daughter Masako nurses him. She washes him and cleans his teeth.

When he gets stronger he asks for a kiss. Masako replies:

"We don't kiss like you do. It is silly to light a fire if you are going to leave a room."

But eventually Masako does not leave the room at all. And when her father hears about it he merely hisses with satisfaction at the girl's sense of hospitality.

Against a landscape of cherry and lotus blossom this enchanting and thoughtful love story is played out.

But the romantic landscape of the East cannot wholly explain *Madam Butterfly*'s new-found appeal.

The leader

Look at **ALKA**, an American Japanese heroine of **LOVER'S POINT**, by C. Y. Lee (W. H. Allen, 13s. 6d.). Lee's previous novel, *The Flower Drum Song*, has been made into the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. He is a leader of the new *Butterfly* cult.

But Alka, though Japanese, does not live in Japan. She is a waitress in California. When, near the end of the book, she tries to commit suicide, she cannot jump from the top of Fuji-yama in traditional Japanese style. She takes a taxi to the Golden Gate Bridge instead.

There is no lotus-blossom in Alka's story. The vice in it is not exotic or distant at all.

What then is the attraction that all these new Oriental heroines have in common?

I have been reading the latest novel in the new fashion, and I believe I have found the answer. The novel is **TAMIKO**, by Ronald Kirkbride (Casell, 12s. 6d.). I warmly recommend it. Its pages are crammed with the facts of life and love in Japan today.

Savage

There are details about Japanese morals, clothes, food (sample: "fried horse-does and salted thrush-hearts served with turtle-dove soup").

But there is something in Tamiko that is not often offered in the other *Butterfly* books. In contrast with the Japanese woman, there is a savage portrait of an American girl, Fay Wilson.

With two men friends Fay tours Tokyo's back streets. A studio offers girl models with the poster "Pose and photograph lovely girl." Fay insists on entering. She hires a camera and photographs one of the girls. Next she tells the little manager: "You get in the picture too."

The girl is giggles. The manager is appalled. But Fay tells him: "We haven't got all night. Stand over there."

The manager moves to protest, but Fay pushes him back, breaking his spectacles. Then she offers him a 2,000-yen note.

Utterly disgraced, the little man finally poses.

There is giggles. The manager is appalled. But Fay tells him: "We haven't got all night. Stand over there."

The manager moves to protest, but Fay pushes him back, breaking his spectacles. Then she offers him a 2,000-yen note.

Utterly disgraced, the little man finally poses.

A QUICK LOOK ROUND

● **HEAVENLY ADVENTURER**. Basil Collier. Secker and Warburg, 22s. In his brisk easy-to-read way, Collier tells the story of a man of action who somehow missed his destiny—the Air Force pioneer, Sir Seton Branner.

A personality both commanding and unorthodox, a hard-living, intelligent soldier, with a celebrated mistress and a place in the world of civil aviation—Branner should have made a deeper notch before he was killed in the R.101 disaster, aged 63.

A failure of character, a failure of judgment? Collier's account suggests the latter.

● **NORMANDY REVISITED**. A. J. Liebling. Gollancz 18s. Sentimental travels of an American correspondent, nostalgically reliving his wartime journey from Weymouth to Paris via the Normandy beaches.

● **A DOOR Ajar**. Peter de Polnay. Hale, 15s. The gambling chapter (Casella, 1951) in cosmopolitan Mr de Polnay's life—the absorbing story of an

obsession during which he won £10,000 in two months and lost it in a few nights.

● **THE MOUNTAINS OF RASSELAS**. Thomas Pakenham. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 21s. An attractive account, by Lord Pakenham's eldest son, of the search for the mountain where the princes of Ethiopia were imprisoned, until one of them was summoned to ascend the throne.

● **BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED**. Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d. Huxley is inclined to think that the wonders and horrors of his psychological 'slave-world' will engulf us a century or two sooner than he believed 25 years ago, when he wrote *Brave New World*.

● **MASTER OF LANCUT**. Count Alfred Potocki. W. H. Allen, 22s. The feudal lord of vast estates in Poland looks back on recent almost incredible past, totally remote from the facts of the 20th century.

—(London Express Service).

Fay Wilson is beautiful and rich. But it is not surprising that the hero eventually loses his heart, not to Fay, but to a gentle Japanese girl, Tamiko.

Fay Wilson and Tamiko—can the contrast help to explain this new fashion in books?

There she is

Recently I went to consult author Kirkbride himself at his flat in South Kensington.

Kirkbride is a tall American in his forties who prefers to live in London.

As we entered his big living-room he proudly waved a hand. He said: "There's the girl in the book. That's Tamiko."

The girl was Mrs Kirkbride. When she was born in Japan 24 years ago she was named "Junko" but her husband calls her "June". Looking at her, I saw that he had good cause to be proud.

Kirkbride said: "I first went to Japan for a few months in 1954. At a party at the American Club in Tokyo I saw a beautiful Japanese girl. I fell in love with her at once."

"But there were two drawbacks. One was that I was told she was married. The other was that she wouldn't speak to me. I asked her to come out for a coffee with me. But all she said was 'No!'"

She laughed

In the South Kensington flat pretty Mrs Kirkbride shook her head and laughed. Her husband explained:

"You see, so respectable a woman would be seen in the streets with a Westerner. People would think she was a hostess or bar-girl. Well, I found out where the girl worked as a translator. I kept calling. But she just turned her back on me. Then, when I came along for the fifth time, she whispered to me: 'You walk down the other side of the street. Go into a coffee-shop. I will follow on this side.'"

"Well, she followed me; and she told me that, before I had seen her, she was already in process of divorcing her husband. Very soon we decided to marry."

"But that was just the beginning. June's family were against the idea. You see, they are big people in Japan. June is related to a former Prime Minister. So I arranged a special dinner in order to discuss things with her brother."

Kidnapped

"Everything for the dinner was carefully prepared. I waited and waited for June and her brother. But at midnight they still hadn't turned up. I discovered that he had kidnapped his sister and taken her to the depths of the countryside to prevent humiliation for his family. Eventually I had to rescue her, the diplomat and the police to find her."

Kirkbride shook his head: "The funny thing is that the brother is one of our greatest film stars."

Kirkbride poured out whisky. With it we munched wafers of dried seaweed, a speciality from Japan. We talked about Kirkbride's book. He said:

"The incidents are all based on fact—including Fay Wilson's scene with the studio manager. That happened all right."

I looked round the big room. Japanese wooden dolls jostled horse bruses from the English shelves.

I asked Mrs Kirkbride: "Apart from dress, are there any things you always like doing in a Japanese way—to remind you of home? Tea, for instance?"

She smiled and said: "No, not really. You see, I always do just what my husband wants."

The answer

Just what my husband wants. In that Kensington flat I suddenly had the answer to my literary problem. June Kirkbride is intelligent, with independent ideas of her own. But for her—as for all the Eastern girls in the books—it is what the man wants that matters.

Few Americans can get a Japanese wife like Mrs Kirkbride. But at those Broadway shows they can indulge in the pipe-dream.

And in Britain? Well, girls like Tamiko make a change after Lady Violet Bonham Carter. Don't they?

—(London Express Service).



'Tamiko' with husband Ronald Kirkbride... one of the men behind the new cult

BRITISH TRIO MATCHES BASIE BREAKS

JAZZ... by NOEL GOODWIN

THEY call themselves the Dave Lambert singers —Britain's own Annie Ross, with Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks. You have read about them on this page before.

As a vocal jazz trio they sound incredible. Their first LP, *Album* was a complete imitation of the entire classic band, by voices alone, using multi-tape recording.

Now they join forces with Count Basie and his team in person in "Sing Along with Basie" (Columbia 338X.1151; 12in. LP).

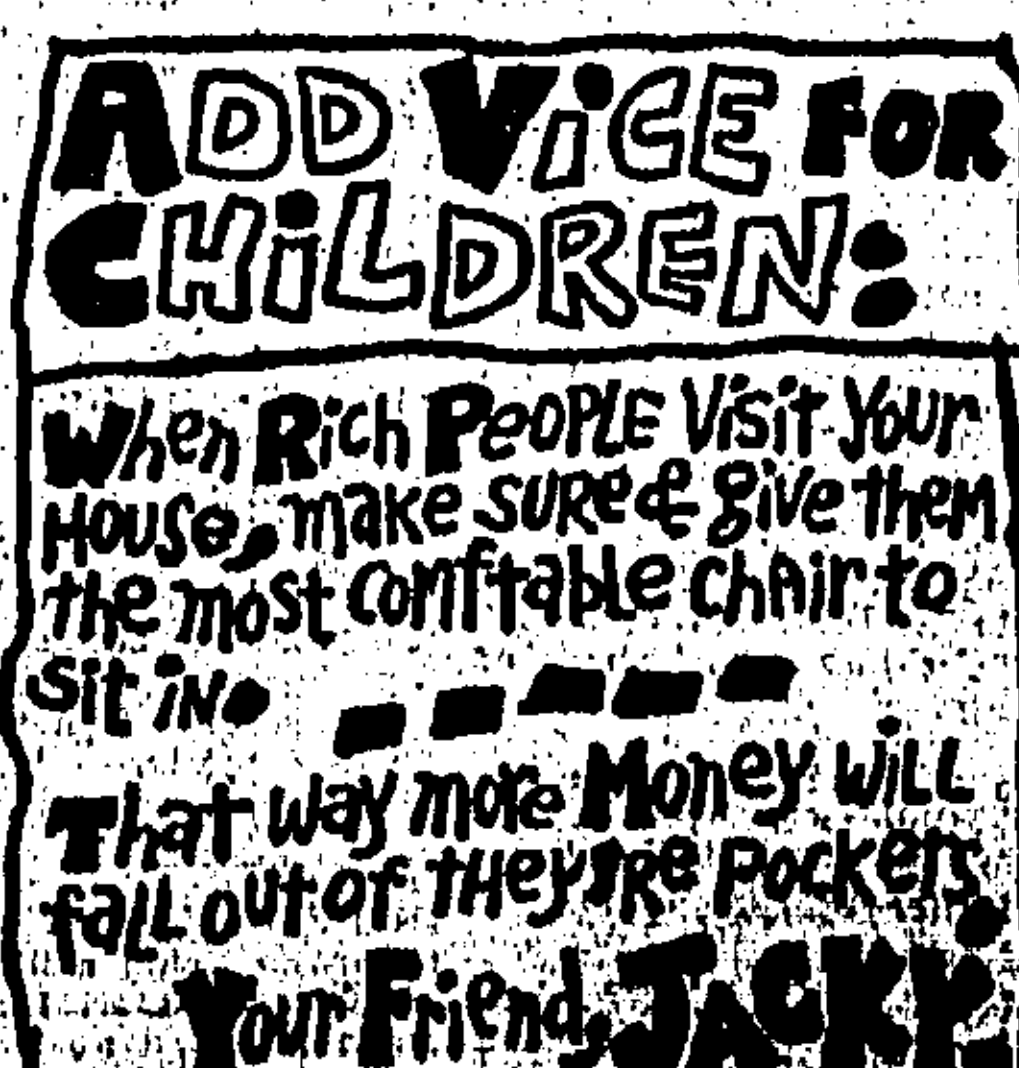
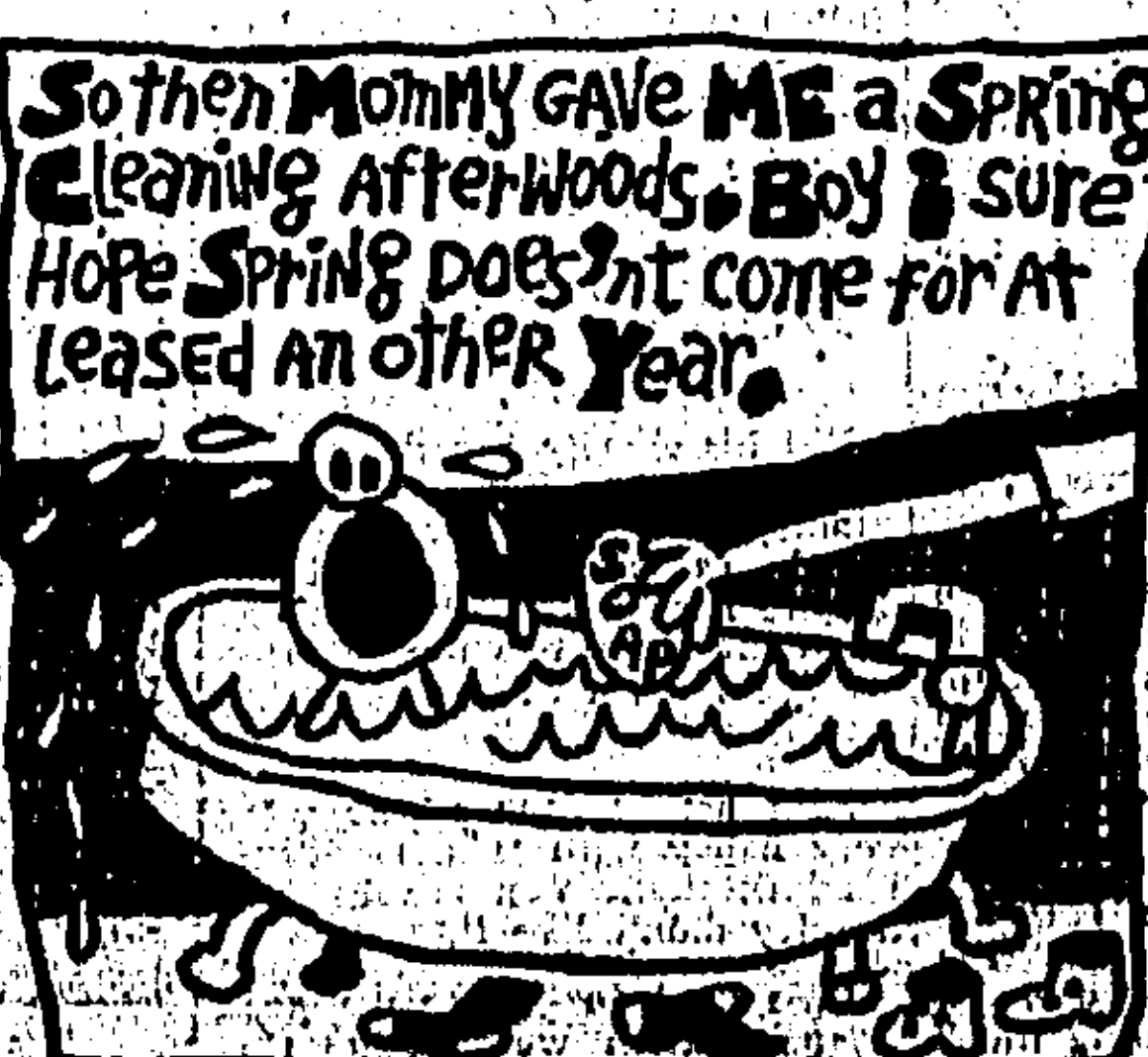
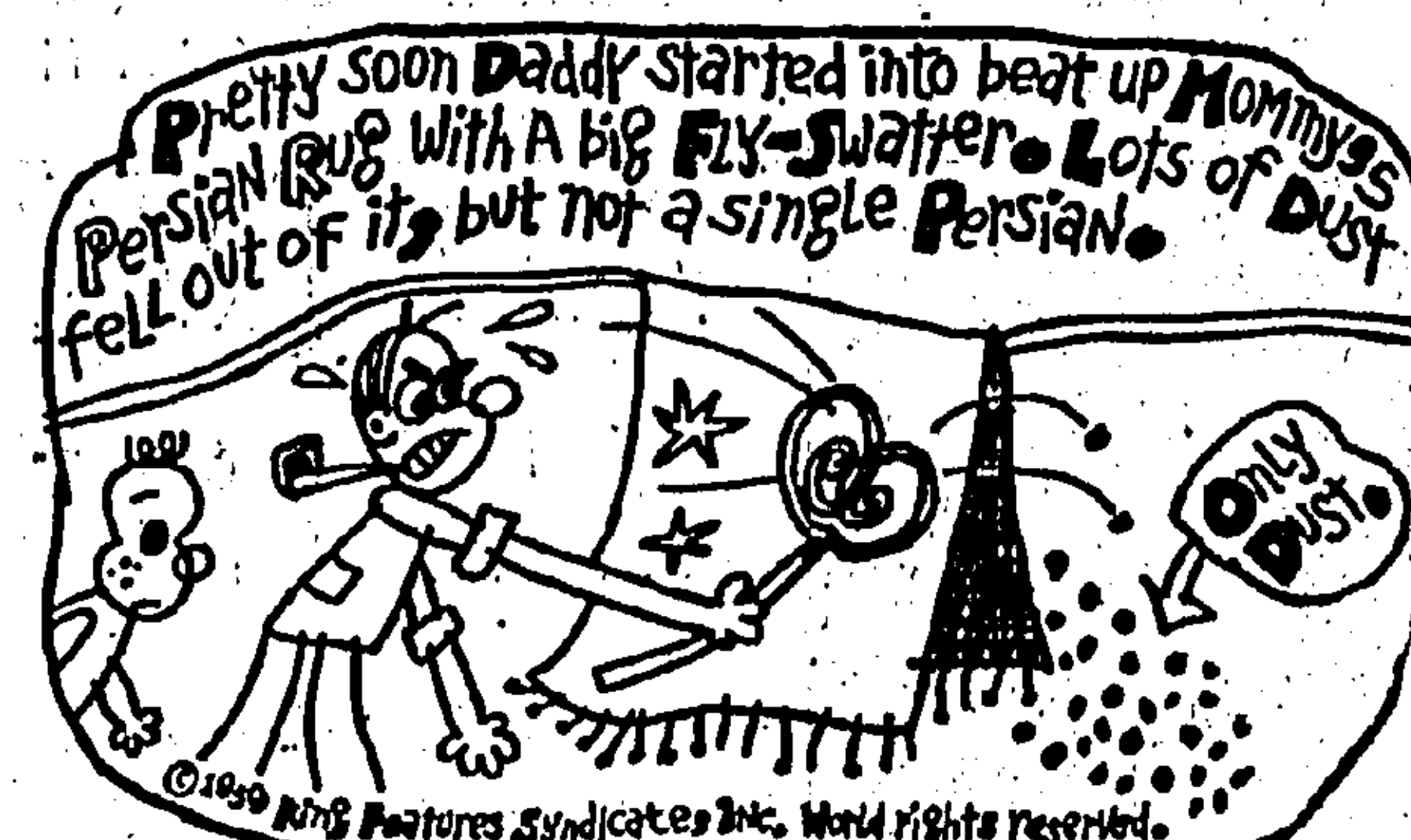
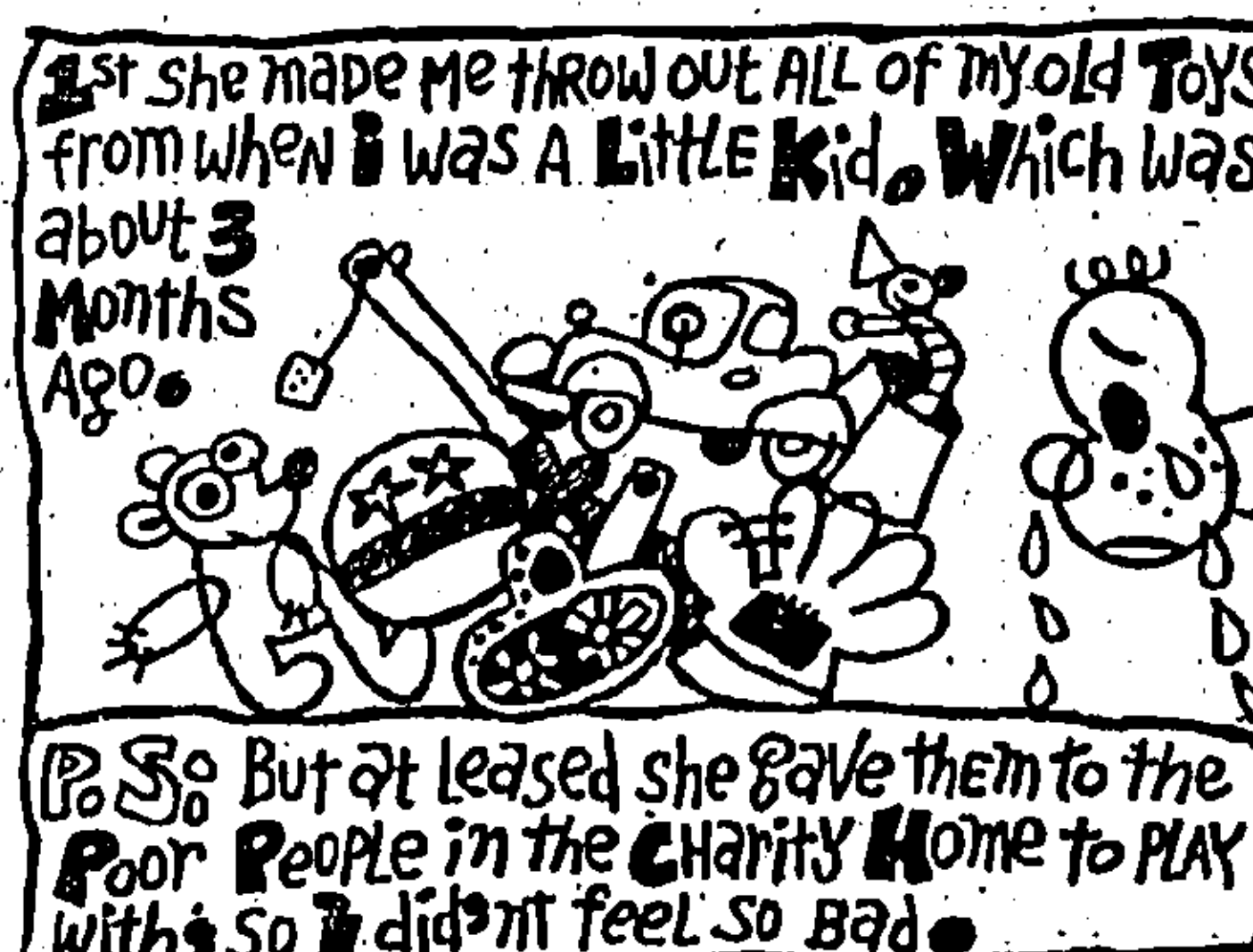
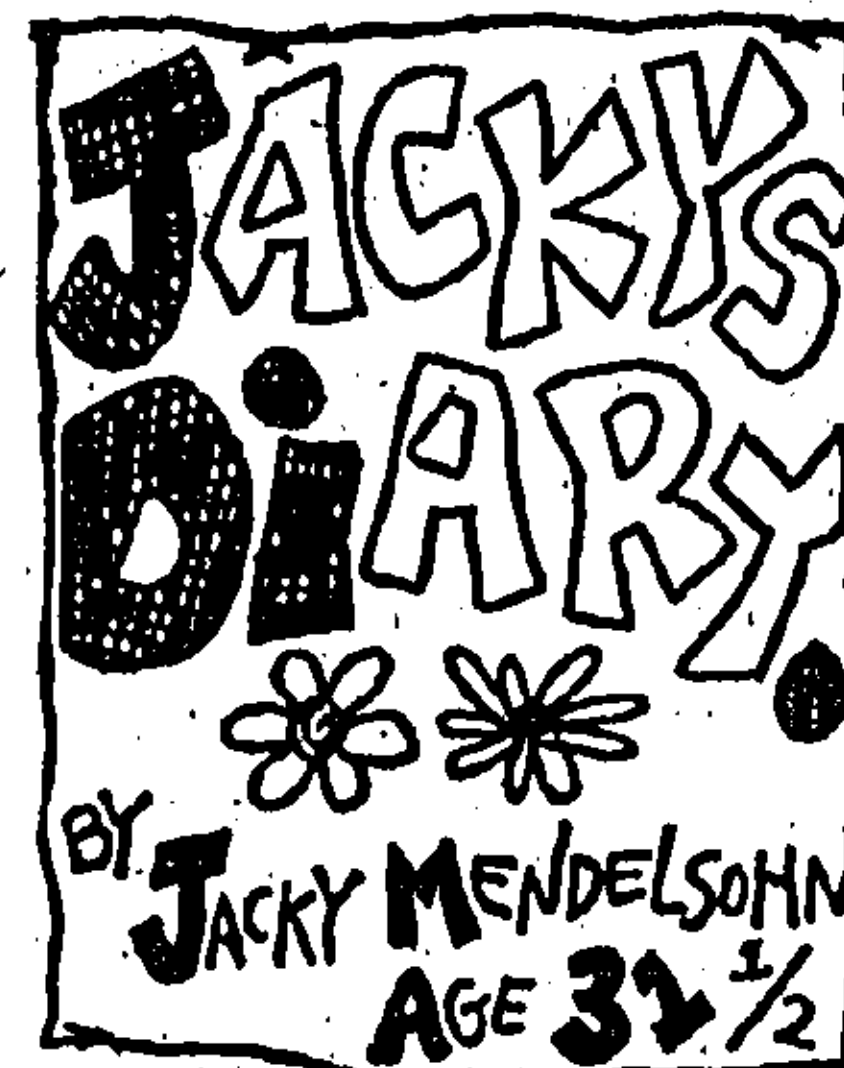
Jazz improvisation started by imitating the voice. This trio turns the instrumental solos back into words, matching them word-for-note with slip-tongued brilliance.

Annie Ross rides the trumpet solos, Lambert the trombones, and Hendricks (who contrived the lyrics) the tenor sax.

I would not say the result is any benefit to jazz. I would rather hear the singers create their own ideas. But the effect is certainly one of unbelieveable and entertaining virtuoso skill.

Four of the 10 word-settings invented by Hendricks are printed in full on the sleeves, which carries on the front the best picture of Basie I have yet seen.

—(London Express Service).



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Race Classics, Test Over Radio HK

Descriptions and commentaries on three major sporting events in the United Kingdom will be broadcast by Radio Hongkong next week.

Two racing classics and two days' play in the first Test between England and India take place during the week.

The Derby on Wednesday evening and the Oaks on Friday will be described by BBC commentator Raymond Glendinning, assisted by Roger Mortimer. Peter O'Sullivan will be in the paddock to talk about the horses as they are paraded before the races.

Thursday sees the first day's play in the first Test match between England and India at Trent Bridge, Nottingham.

To bring listeners a ball by ball account of the day's play the BBC has assembled a team of six commentators.

Led by John Arlott and Rex Alton, the team includes two commentators travelling with the Indian team: Pearson Buritt and the Maharajkumar of Vijaynagar.

All sports broadcasts will begin at 11.15 p.m.

Carrier Band

While the giant United States aircraft carrier "Ranger" lay off Green Island two weeks ago, prevented from entering the harbour proper by its vast bulk, 20

of the crew made a special trip ashore to record a programme of dance music for Radio Hongkong.

The band of the USS "Ranger", under conductor Jack Rodway, produced a lively and varied half hour of music for dancing, ranging in style from big band swing through Latin American to Dixieland.

This programme will be broadcast at 7.30 on Monday evening.

The Concert Hall Wednesday evening's recital "From the Concert Hall" will introduce two brand new artists who are rapidly becoming well known in local music circles.

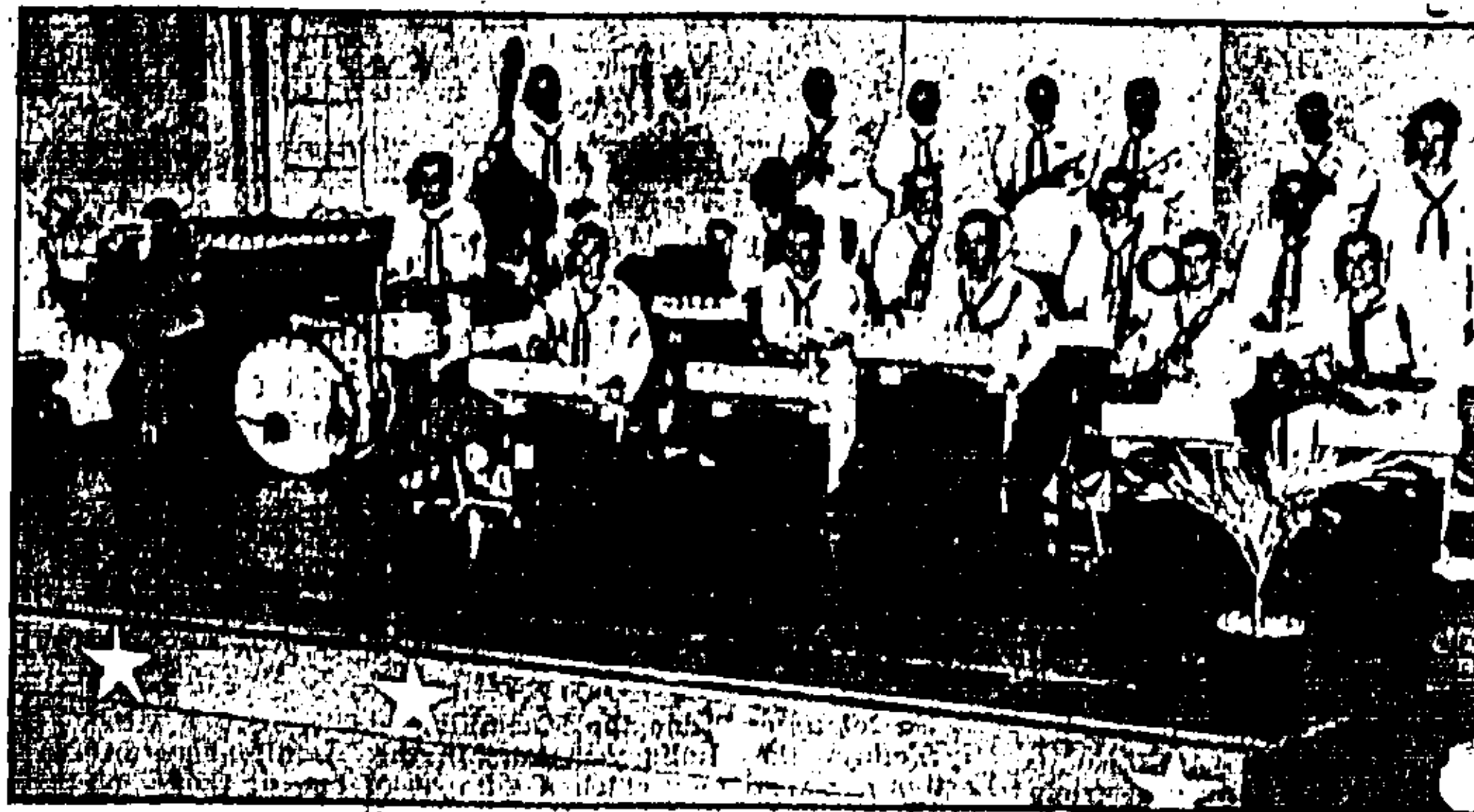
For cellist, Ricardo Chan, who will play several Spanish songs, and pianist Evelyn Kwong (piano), this will be their first broadcast over Radio Hongkong.

The third artist in this programme, soprano Winnie Wei, has appeared several times previously in this programme.

On Wednesday evening she will sing songs by Handel, Schumann and Haydn.

The Lyons

This evening at 8.45 listeners will hear the final in the present



Picture shows: The Band of the USS "Ranger" which will be heard in a recorded programme at 7.30 on Monday evening.

series of "Life with the Lyons", when once again Ben Lyons and Bebe Daniels enter into a plot of domestic fun with their two children Barbara and Richard and the host of other characters who have been swept into the family orbit since the programme started.

Music Forum

Thursday's "Music Forum" will feature the third talk in the Radio UNESCO series "Living Traditional Music of East and West."

This week, the music of Israel, a new state whose newly adopted culture and ideas go hand in hand with ancient tradition, will be discussed.

The programme describing and illustrating musical instruments which have hardly changed over the last three thousand years, will be on the air at 9.30 on Thursday evening.

He has interviewed almost every V.I.P. who has set foot in the Colony and his exclusive interviews with film stars, politicians, show people, and world famous personalities, in every walk of life have enabled him to build up an impressive list of interviews.

Castaway

Journalist Ernie Pereira has probably met more famous people than any other newspaper man in Hongkong during the last three years.

SATURDAY, MAY 30

7.30 p.m. Kenneth Horne instals "BEYOND OUR KEN". And to prove it Kenneth Williams, Hugh Paddick, Betty Marsden, Bill Pertwee and Patricia Lancaster support him in a sort of radio show.

8.00 THE NEWS.

8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

8.20 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.

Excerpts from editorial commentaries by leading British weekly newspapers.

8.45 WAVELENGTH ANNOUNCEMENT.

For the Far East, South and Western Hemisphere, the Central and Western Mediterranean.

9.00 Cricket.

SOMERSET v. INDIA.

A commentary by John Arlott on the first day's play at Trent Bridge.

9.30 app. FORBES' FAVOURITES.

10.00 THE NEWS.

10.15 WEEKEND REVIEW.

10.30 THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

10.45 COMPANION OF THE WEEK.

Purcell (on records).

11.00 THE BEAT RADIO NEWSREEL.

11.15 SATURDAY SPECIAL.

Golf: Amateur Championship at Royal St. George's, Sandwich.

Cricket: Somerset v. India, York.

Shire v. Northamptonshire at Headingley, Leeds.

Concert: Rex Alton, Southampton; International Market, Great Britain; East Germany at St. Nicholas, Staffordshire.

1.00 a.m. THE NEWS.

SUNDAY, MAY 31

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.

From Ebenezer Methodist Church, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire, conducted by the Rev. H. W. Sibbes.

8.00 THE NEWS.

8.05 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3

7.30 p.m. THE NEWS.

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1.00 a.m. THE NEWS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4

7.30 p.m. THE NEWS.

7.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

8.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

8.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES.

Excerpts from editorial commentaries by leading British weekly newspapers.

8.45 WAVELENGTH ANNOUNCEMENT.

For the Far East, South and Western Hemisphere, the Central and Western Mediterranean.

9.00 Cricket.

SOMERSET v. INDIA.

A commentary by John Arlott on the first day's play at Trent Bridge.

9.30 app. FORBES' FAVOURITES.

10.00 THE NEWS.

10.15 WEEKEND REVIEW.

10.30 THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

10.45 COMPANION OF THE WEEK.

Purcell (on records).

11.00 THE BEAT RADIO NEWSREEL.

11.15 SATURDAY SPECIAL.

Golf: Amateur Championship at Royal St. George's, Sandwich.

Cricket: Somerset v. India, York.

Shire v. Northamptonshire at Headingley, Leeds.

Concert: Rex Alton, Southampton; International Market, Great Britain; East Germany at St. Nicholas, Staffordshire.

1.00 a.m. THE NEWS.

10.15 QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Questions come this week from North Horse.

John Arlott, Dore Powell, and Michael Baines answer the questions in London.

10.30 FIRST MEETING.

Chairman: Anthony M.P. meets Professor Zacher, Spalding Professor of Comparative Religion at the University of Oxford.

10.45 PLANO PLAYTIME.

11.00 THE BEAT RADIO NEWSREEL.

11.15 NEW RECORDS.

(On records).

11.30 THE BEAT RADIO NEWSREEL.

11.45 RACING.

The Coronation Cup.

A record commentary by Raymond Glendinning, assisted by Roger Mortimer, from Epsom.

12.00 MIDNIGHT.

12.15 THE BEAT RADIO NEWSREEL.

12.30 RACING.

The Coronation Cup.

A record commentary by Raymond Glendinning, assisted by Roger Mortimer, from Epsom.

1.00 a.m. THE NEWS.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5

7.30 p.m. THE NEWS.

7.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

8.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

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Excerpts from editorial commentaries by leading British weekly newspapers.

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1.00 a.m. THE NEWS.

Today

7.30 p.m. COMPOSER CAVALCADE.

1.00 THE NEWS.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT.

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Mlle. Schultz asks too many questions

MY suspicions have often been aroused by people in the course of two wars, but the only time I ever became involved with a genuine enemy spy was in 1937.

It was summer. I was flying back from leave in Germany in a small, twin-engine aircraft which, as was usual in those days, was not equipped with wireless. Some part of the leave had been spent acquiring a little information about the Nazis.

The weather had been fine during most of my trip and, as far as Strasbourg, there had been no trouble. At the airport a weather report was waiting that covered my next flight to Rieding, where I was looking forward once again to drinking the local red champagne called Bouzy. This is a most delectable liquor but it will not travel—hence my plans for a stop at Rheims.

Pressing on

The report was not too good—fog at first and then low cloud and rain. However, my leave was nearly up so it was a case of "pressing on regardless." Soon I was flying over a dense cloud sheet. Stupidly I held on, doing what always had been a "don't in my pilot's book of instructions." Without wireless there was no chance of finding out what the weather was like further on and soon I thought it advisable to go down to see what the ground looked like. Ahead was a hole in the cloud and I dived for it. The hole did not lead to clear air and soon my rather rudimentary blind flying technique was being expertly tested. Holding on and expecting to see the ground at any moment, I was most uneasily aware that the cloud around me might be stuffed with mountains. To add to my troubles the aircraft began to drop its left wing and even full flap would not bring the turn and bank indicator back into the central position. Badly frightened, I waited for the seemingly inevitable crash.

Trapped

Suddenly through the mist trees showed up a few hundred feet away. They appeared to be growing horizontally! Glancing at the rudder bar I saw it to be hard over to the left. A tick to the right and the trees resumed their normal appearance. My lack of skill had saved my life. A straight glide would have ended in disaster on the hillside. As the aircraft was descending in a slow spiral it had kept within the confines of the cloud-locked valley in which it was now trapped.

The only way out of the trap was to climb back into the cloud and hope to avoid the mountain

DID IT HAPPEN?

by Sir Philip Joubert

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR PHILIP JOUBERT DE LA FERTE is 70 years of age. He joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1913 and flew in France, Egypt and Italy during the 1914-18 war. He won the DSO and was mentioned in despatches six times. Sir Philip's career culminated with his appointment as C-in-C of Coastal Command in 1941. He has already told some of his adventures in *The Fated Sky*. He has also written a controversial history of the Air Force, *The Third Service*.



top. This would have been a crowning act of folly. A landing was clearly indicated even though the fields were small and stone-walled. I could imagine what the owner of the aircraft would say if his firm had to send out a crash party to a remote corner of Alsace to retrieve the aircraft—if it was damaged.

The noise of the engines soon excited the local population. From a charming little chateau a small party came out to stand on a terrace that faced the only field in which it was remotely possible to land. I bumped to a stop only a few yards from them. My reception was warm and friendly. The first to greet me was a distinguished-looking elderly man, accompanied by his sweet-faced wife and two grand-children. These were clearly the owner of the chateau and his family. Some persuasion would then have been required to get the controls in wide-eyed wonder.

The gesture was worth more than a second look, with an excellent figure, dark hair and



eyes, and a charming expression. I wondered why the possessor of so much beauty should be content to bury herself in such a remote spot and devote herself to young children.

Monsieur le Comte suggested that while waiting for the weather to clear I should join his family for lunch. He added that the two senior officers from the Nancy garrison would be arriving shortly and would employ meeting a general de l'air Anglats. Meanwhile, his game-keeper would guard the machine until the local gendarme arrived to inspect it, and it satisfied, stamp my logbook—a formality religiously carried out when a foreign aircraft landed away from a recognised customs airport.

Under suspicion

Lunch was all that could be desired: hors d'oeuvres, quiche Lorraine, steak, and a poulet au marasquin. A delicious Sylvanher and a small Bordeaux accompanied this well-chosen meal.

The French officers were amiable but full of curiosity as to my presence in Alsace. Some of their questions were quite pointed—and it seemed almost as though I was under suspicion. Mademoiselle Schultz, the governess, was a good conversationalist and it was clear that the colonel—a staff officer—was very much taken with her. Whenever she could break away from his rather pressing attentions she too cathected me, particularly about my trip in Germany. Indeed, after a while the cross-questioning became a little irritating.

Frozen stare

Mlle. Schultz seemed more Bavarian than Alsatian. Her presence near a big garrison town, and her familiarity with the colonel were suspicious. But when, after the party had broken up, I caught the colonel kissing Mademoiselle in a shadowed corner, my fears vanished.

The weather cleared, goodbyes were said, and I was able to take off away from the chateau and down hill. I reached Rheims and London on time, and handed the aircraft back to my friend in one piece.

In the autumn of 1939 an Air Ministry posting brought me work in London. One day, walking across St James's Park,

I saw a woman whose appearance was familiar. I was sure she was Mlle. Schultz. My smile of greeting and tentative salute were met with a frozen stare which left me extremely embarrassed.

Senior officers in uniform are not supposed to pick up young women in parks! When I had recovered from the shock my suspicions became aroused. Why should she, ostensibly a Frenchwoman, pretend she did not know me? Could it be that my earlier impression of her Bavarian origin was justified? I reported the matter to Air Intelligence and a day later a party from M.I.5 came to my office in King Charles Street.

They knew a great deal about my holiday in Germany, and questioned me so closely that it seemed a matter of doubt as to who was the spy. Finally, a photograph was produced. It was an excellent picture of Mlle. (or rather Fraulein) Schultz.

Bolted

Apparently she had come to London in 1938 and had taken a post as governess. Her papers seemed to be in order, but the Special Branch had been tipped by the French secret police in Nancy that they were seriously considering arresting her just before she escaped to England.

The amorous colonel had at last come to his senses. He realised what was happening, though the boldness was not decisive. M.I.5 had not been able to discover much about the Schultz activities in England, but after my report they were most anxious to interview her. Probably warned by her meeting with me, she bolted before she could be arrested and got away to Germany through one of the many routes that were still open.

Sometimes I wonder if M.I.5 thought I was responsible for her get-away. Her beauty would certainly have been an excuse; and I am a very sentimental man.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put a tick against your choice in the space above. The answer is on Page 18 (London Express Service).

Is Macmillan a millionaire?

IS Mr Harold Macmillan a millionaire? The question may surprise you. It may seem utterly unlikely that this energetic Prime Minister busting about the world earning his official salary of £10,000 a year could also be the possessor of a huge private fortune of his own.

Yet there have already been Prime Ministers this century who possessed great wealth. One was Stanley Baldwin. Another was Arthur James Balfour. Another was Sir Winston Churchill.

So let us examine the Macmillan assets. Today the holiday-makers in the family cars on the Eastbourne road may catch a glimpse of one of those assets for themselves. Just past Haywards Heath, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, they may see a big country mansion tucked away beyond a high fence and a belt of trees. That is Mr Macmillan's home, Birch Grove.

To most of the gazers the mansion among the trees—with its 40 rooms and its 300 acres of woods and grounds—may seem a fortune in itself.

And you can be certain that Harold Macmillan agrees with them. No place is closer to his heart than this house which his parents built.

But in the eyes of a financier the estate of Birch Grove occupies only a minor place in the Macmillan ledger.

For the real facts about that ledger you must return from Birch Grove's woodlands to the Strand, to that big concrete wedge called Bush House.

There in the blue-covered company room, sent up to you by lift from the vaults, you will find the key to the Prime Minister's private wealth. In those records you will find the only figures available to anyone outside the family about the Macmillan family trust.

What are the assets of the Macmillan Trust?

I will list them.

The value?

FIRST. The trust owns Macmillans, the publishers, holding all but 505 of the 370,000 £1 ordinary shares.

The value of that holding today? Well,

the figures inside the blue cover may astonish you. You will find that Macmillan not only has issued capital of £740,000, it has accumulated reserves of £1,289,000.

But that is not all. For several years the Ordinary dividend of the firm was pegged to 2 per cent. Last year it was raised to 5 per cent. But the profits would have allowed a dividend of more than 30 per cent.

A study of the balance sheet which has resulted from this plough-back policy reveals a flourishing, strongly based business which any enterprising City take-over man would be delighted to buy for £2,000,000.

SECONDLY, the Macmillan Trust has benefited from a big transaction which took place in 1951 when the controlling interest in the Macmillan Company of New York was sold to an American syndicate for £1,250,000.

There are no records at Bush House to tell you what happened to all that money. But you can be sure that the bulk of it must be counted as an asset of the Macmillan Trust.

At the top of the page appear the whickered faces of Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, the two brothers who left their Scottish croft for the world of publishing early in the nineteenth century.

The advertisement begins:—MACMILLAN & CO. Founders.

DANIEL MACMILLAN (1843) ALEXANDER MACMILLAN (1843)

Succeeded by: FREDERICK MACMILLAN (son of Daniel) (1874) GEORGE A. MACMILLAN (son of Alexander) (1879) MAURICE MACMILLAN (son of Daniel) (1883)

The three remained directors until 1936, in which year they died within a few months of each other, all over 80 years of age.

Present Managing Directors: DANIEL MACMILLAN, M.P. (sons of Maurice Macmillan).

In other words, Harold Macmillan and his eldest brother Daniel were, even in 1937, regarded as the inheritors of the Macmillan tradition.

How very different from the picture of the Prime Minister provided by some commentators. Take Mr Randolph Churchill, for instance. He has never run a business in his life, apart from that odd affair, Country Bumpkins Ltd. Consequently, we hear little from him about Macmillan the business man.

All he tells us is about the gay Etonian with the print of his grandfather's croft framed on the wall; about the duke's son-in-law who dines at the Turf, and—so Mr Churchill alleges—

makes slighting references to Schyns Lays.

For, preferable, and far more reliable, I suggest, is the view of a shrewd, business-minded Macmillan offered by the blue-covered company records at Bush House.

But is it a popular image too? I believe it is. The public may tolerate the men of paradox—the Socialist leaders who do not deign to send their children to socialised schools, the Tory Ministers who mouth Empire slogans at party rallies but who seem to prefer Germany to any Empire country.

Soft spot

Yet the men for whom the public really has a soft spot are those whose lives and politics go hand in hand.

Among the Socialists there is Mr Frank Cousins who, despite his massive union funds, prefers cheap family hotels at conference time.

And among the Tories? The statistics point to Mr Macmillan himself. He has preached thrift and enterprise and no-getting.

The evidence of the Bush House files shows that he knows what he is talking about. He is not just another Etonian. He has practised what he preaches.

In not a single sense of the word has he let his talent lie buried in the earth.

(London Express Service).



There are other Macmillans, of course. There are the descendants of Frederick and George. There is also Arthur Macmillan, now a retired barrister of 69, a brother of Daniel and Harold.

They could all have a claim on the Macmillan millions. But let us remember that those millions are built largely round the firm of Macmillans. And since 1936 the firm has been run by two men, Daniel and Harold.

Who can doubt, then, that these two have the dominant interest in the trust? Who can doubt that—how ever we may apportion his share—Harold Macmillan is effectively a millionaire?

Millionaire Macmillan! What a contrast that presents with the usual image of a remote, Treasury-reading figure.

And the contrast becomes even sharper when we pay attention to one further fact—to the actual estate left by his father.

What was the inherited fortune on which the present Macmillan millions are based?

The answer is striking.

When he died in 1933 Maurice Crawford Macmillan left an estate of £112,000.

It is possible of course that he had made earlier provisions against death duties. And it is certain that the two other older Macmillans who died in the same year left a substantial contribution to the family riches.

But, whatever allowances are made for items like that, it becomes obvious that the enterprise and business sense of Daniel and Harold Macmillan have enormously increased the Macmillan inheritance.

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(London Express Service).

VICIOUSNESS IN NOTTING HILL

THE other week in this column I wrote that tension was building up in London's Notting Hill district, where about 10,000 coloured immigrants share the shabby streets with a white population compounded largely of Irish and Poles. Within twenty-four hours a West Indian had been stabbed to death after being accosted by a gang of white youths while walking home in Notting Hill just after midnight.

In London's tough districts many of the young men carry knives. In their slang, this is known as being "topped up." Stabbings and slashings are not infrequent.

But the killing of Kelso Cochrane, the young coloured carpenter from the Caribbean island of Antigua, was something different.

Not only was a man dead. There was the sinister suggestion that Cochrane had been killed because of his colour. A witness was reported to have heard the shout "Hey, Jim, Crow," a few moments before Kelso Cochrane fell to the pavement clutching his chest.

How this old American epithet for a Negro found its way into Notting Hill is anyone's guess. But it is used widely—even by some of the coloured men, ironically.

Hurriedly the police tried to discount racial hatred as a motive for the killing. Cochrane, they suggested, had been robbed. But reaction to this suggestion was cynical. One daily newspaper reported that a senior Scotland Yard officer had told one of its crime reporters: "You will be doing the community a service by refraining from any suggestion that this is a racial murder."

But no matter how strongly the police may have believed

PETER BURGOYNE'S News From Britain

film who, by creed or colour, is readily identifiable.

I believe that what lies at the root of Notting Hill's trouble is plain viciousness, with no amount of platitudes about racial harmony will kill.

The cure, as I see it, can be only a long, slow business with the police, backed by the courts, rigorously stamping out hoodlomanism, while with the passage of time coloured migrants are absorbed into the community.

Also needed is concerted action by all the respectable political and social bodies in the area against the noisy minority of extreme racists who scream insistently that Britain must be kept white.

Autumn Election £5,000-A-Year Secretary

WHEN it became clear that Premier Macmillan had no intention of holding a spring general election the pundits vowed that we could now not expect to go to the polls until early 1960.

But recently there arrived on my desk a publication which seemed to give them the lie. It was the Conservative Party's "Campaign Guide, 1960."

Note the date. Hardly likely that the Conservatives are dating their Campaign Guide a year ahead of the date they

have in mind for going to the country.

What then is the likely election date? Why, autumn, of course. Most likely, October. Then the holidaymakers are home again and the weather still not bad enough to keep the voters glued to firesides and television sets.

Incidentally, whether or not one agrees with the Conservatives, the authors of their Campaign Guide have done a wonderful job of research and editing. Crammed into its pages are the answers to virtually any question a heckler at a political meeting is likely to ask.

POLICE in the South of England are hunting for "the perfect secretary."

The woman they seek is well-groomed, efficient and speaks in an educated voice. She answers secretarial help-wanted advertisements and usually lands the job. She wins the confidence of her employer—then disappears with as much of his money as she can lay hands on.

Her income over two years—£10,000 (tax-free, of course).

JAK GOES CAMPING

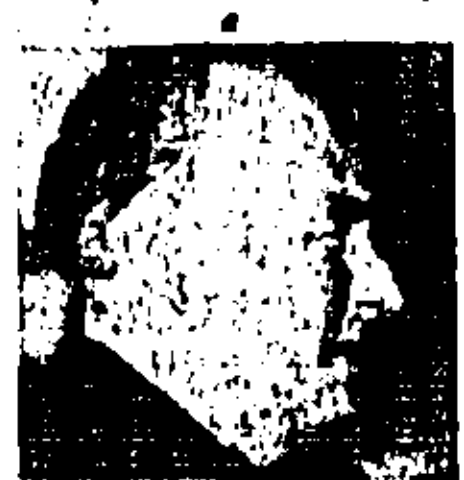


"NO, I WON'T KISS HIM AND MAKE UP; I STILL SAY HE SHOULD SLEEP IN THE CAR, NOT ME!"

Today's dandies have a new address...

mainly for men

(with a lot a woman can learn, too!)



by LORD KINROSS

London.
THE other day a stuffed-shirted friend of mine tried to persuade me that we are a dandyish race no longer.

I took pleasure in pointing out to him that he, with his Brigade of Guards tie, starched collar, discreet pin-striped suit, cambric handkerchief, clove carnation, rolled-up umbrella and curly-brimmed bowler hat, was, in modern terms, wholly out of fashion.

To see a well-dressed man today it is necessary to stroll, not down Bond Street or around St James's, but along Upper Street, Islington, the Harrow Road, Greek Street, or the Lambeth Walk.

The young gentlemen who parade these neighbourhoods wear drainpipe trousers to show the leg, pointed Italian shoes to show the foot, multi-coloured waistcoats as plumage for the breast, short draped jackets, to show the hips, with perhaps a velvet collar as a finishing touch of fancy.

Expelled

For more informal occasions they affect tightly-cut jeans, studded belts, tartan shirts and leather jackets. They, apart from Mr Cecil Beaton, are the dandies of today.

My one regret is that this fashionable style of costume has failed, as yet, to penetrate the House of Lords, a body whose members should surely epitomise the glass of fashion, if not the mould of form.

From this noble place the late Lord Curzon once expelled the son of a peer, seated on the steps of the Throne, for wearing a light-coloured suit.

This epoch came to an end with the outbreak of the war, when the late Lord Crewe,

whose erect starched collar, inches high, had until then been a familiar adornment of the Liberal Front Bench, appeared one afternoon in September 1939 wearing a soft one.

That started a new era of informal lordly fashion. But the trend has not gone far enough.

It is true that, since the introduction of life peers, the eye may be gladdened by the sight of Lord Boothby, resplendent in a pink shirt with a spotted bowtie, sharing an entire cross-bench with the equally massive but less colourfully dressed Lord Killalea. It is true also that I have once seen in the Chamber Lord Chalmersley, the Lord Great Chamberlain, wearing, in the midst of a heat-wave, a white silken tropical suit.

Discreet

But there is not a drainpipe leg, not a drape, not a shirt of many colours to be seen.

Nor has the introduction of ladies relieved this sombre, sartorial atmosphere.

Lady Ravensdale, aristocratic in profile and impeccably clothed, wears a well-cut tailor-made suit, so dark and discreet

that it might have been especially designed for the approval of her father, Lord Curzon.

As for the members of the House of Commons, I saw Mr. Arthur Bevan the other day, at lunch in a fashionable restaurant, wearing his napkin tucked into his collar, like a bib.

It is true that he was eating Mouton Marinière at the time. But still, a bib—more especially a Socialist, I have noticed, tend to dress even more conservatively than Conservatives.

A casual brightness in male costume appeared after the 1914-18 war, and had come to stay by the end of the war.

We helped to start it in the 'twenties at Oxford—the place where all fashions start—by always slipping into something loose. We wore baggy plus-fours and Oxford bags, some 20in. wide in the leg.

We also introduced the roll-top sweater, in place of the collar and tie. We were known as the aesthetes, and as such aroused the wrath of the athletes.

On one memorable election night the athletes surged through the city like some revolutionary mob in an unsuccessful endeavour to remove the opera cloak, lined with crimson

satins, which one of us was wearing.

Cornered, he defended himself with a sword, almost severing the thumb of a man who later became a Socialist Attorney-General.

On another occasion, following a bump supper in Balliol College, I was deprived, by a similar mob, of a substantial portion of my Oxford bags. I claimed—and to my surprise obtained—damages of a guinea from the Junior Common Room.

Today, gentlemen prefer, in order to show off their figures, to climb into something tight—and less easily removable.

Lion coat

They like also to show off their heads. I no longer own a hat—a fact which deeply shocked my friend Evelyn Waugh when I last visited him in Somerset. He met me at the station in a car, built high enough to enable him to wear a top-hat if he wanted.

Normally he wears a Lowler hat, which he prefers to call a "hard hat," as the pre-war dandies did.

Apart from Cecil Beaton, the new dandies are in Greek Street or the Lambeth Walk...



Sometimes they wore brown ones, which at my school we used to call Good Godsters. Mr Waugh is a dandy of the Old School.

I have known him slip up only once in a sartorial sense. That was when he had an overcoat made from the skin of a lion acquired in Abyssinia.

The other day I attended, with sorrow, a memorial service to an old and valued dandyish friend, Jack Reddixton.

Afterwards, with three friends of his, I went for a drink, as he would have liked us to do.

One of the three wore a top-hat. Another, John Belkman, wore a mildewed brown soft hat, which had been put on and trampled on and punctured with moth holes.

The third, Osbert Lancaster, a dandy in his way, wore a black

Stylists

Oh! I was in fashion, since I wore no hat at all.

Hair styles have taken the place of hats, and indeed some of the hair styles of the ladies are indistinguishable from head-gear.

Today the gentlemen of fashion no longer patronise the barbers of St James's but the hair stylists of Soho, slipping round the corner conveniently to buy their clothes in the Charing Cross Road.

Alas! I cannot follow them. For I no longer have hair—or a figure. (London Express Service).

LOGAN GOURLAY

WHO KNOWS AND TELLS IN HIS UNMISTAKABLE WAY

IT WAS the kind of room shown in those glossy magazines as a setting for the Top People. Mirrored fittings and wallpaper with a bamboo motif transformed what the Victorians built probably as a maid's hide-away into an elegant sitting-room for leisured Elizabethans.

A room to relax in, for people exhausted by the effort of not working. But of course, though we are basically no more egalitarian than the old-time Elizabethans, everybody works at something nowadays.

With a few exceptions, like Lady Docker, there's hardly a titled lady or gent who hasn't taken a job of one kind or other. Some do it for financial reasons. Others, like the Countess Jellicoe, who was entertaining me in her Belgravia home, do it to combat boredom.

Upturned

Supported by a mound of multi-coloured cushions, she sat in one of those modernistic chairs which resemble an up-turned fish basket.

Looking like a lady of infinite leisure she talked about her new working life which started about a year ago when she was 40.

"When the children were still at home I was fully occupied. I have four you know—two boys and two girls. The youngest is six now and the oldest 14.

"After they went off to school I had to find something to do. Not just anything, though. Something fairly creative. That's why I took this job with a glass firm, advising them on design and decoration.



EARL JELICOE NO FILM

"It's fun. It's amazing what you can do with glass." Behind her a wall, mostly of glass, looked out on a fashionable tiny garden yard, where flowers grew only in a box. The wall and, in fact, all the interior decoration of the room were designed by the creative countess.

First film

She has just ventured into a new business which is at least partly creative. She has become co-director of a small independent film company. Their first film, "Serious Charge," had its premiere recently.

She told me, "One of my co-directors is the widow of General Popaki—you remember Popaki's private army? We formed the company to make a film of his life. It's a wonderful story but it has to be done on a fairly large scale. So we decided to make some smaller films first.

"No, I don't know anything about the film business. But I'm trying to learn. I don't want to be just a figurehead. We want to make films about real emotions. About real people who love and marry, who are happy and unhappy."

Not here

The countess, who was born and educated in Shanghai, considered her own 15-year-old marriage. Six months ago she sued her husband for restitution of conjugal rights. He is the son of Admiral Earl Jellicoe and godson of the late King George V.

With a wave that embraced the whole house, she said: "The fact is my husband is not living here any more."

"But I don't want to make any comment about separation or anything like that. Let's talk about something else. Like films."

Obviously the countess is not planning make a film about the life of Earl Jellicoe.

I asked her if she had invested any money in her film company. She stood up looking as slim as, but more shapely than, the bamboo poles on the wallpaper.

She said: "No, I haven't. And I don't plan to put my own money into any of the films."

Obviously the countess has already learned the first lesson on how to be a real live film producer.

HE'S SUING

JOE HYAMS, one of the younger and better Ameri-

can columnists, is suing Cary Grant, one of Hollywood's older leading men.

Hyams wrote a series of revealing articles about Grant for the New York Herald-Tribune based on several interviews.

Grant then issued a statement alleging that the articles were inaccurate and that he had never even met Hyams.

New Hyams has started an action for slander claiming 700,000 dollars (about £250,000) in damages.

Film stars often sue columnists but this is the only case I can recall of a columnist reversing the situation.

It's man-bites-dog, it's new.

"But I had to start again before I got too frustrated and before I drove my husband mad."

"And I saw so much acting—good acting on my recent trip to Russia I couldn't stay away from it. I'm a jobber."

Her husband is a John Galsworthy, a Socialist candidate for Nottingham.

Miss John is, of course, a loyal Socialist too.

She came back from Russia, where she represented Equity in the trade union delegation, with an unusual ambition—even for a Socialist.

"That's the place I want to retire to. Life begins for an actress when she's over 60. I met one who's still appearing regularly at the age of 85."

"They don't really respect and accept you until you've been acting for years... and years."

"I was considered a slip of a girl. You know, on a couple of occasions I even got walked whistles when I was walking along the street."

"Imagine, at my age."

Miss John is in her early forties. But, I'd say, still whistleable forties, even to a non-Russian whistler.

Depending naturally on the age of the whistler himself.

ONLY ONE

ASKED a question about Mount Logan in the TV programme "This is Your Chance," actress Maria Land answered: "The only Logan I know is Logan Gourlay, famous columnist."

I am indebted to Miss Land, who is a promising actress. She is also a highly successful model under the name Maria Scardis.

She has another name—her married name—Mrs Sportolelli Baduel.

JUST FANCY THAT

FOR three nights in a row fires mysteriously broke out in wooden sheds outside the house in Crema, Italy, of the beautiful Giuliana Merandini.

For three nights Giuliana and her family came running out as alarm sirens blared.

And each time fireman Luigi Dellagrande was first on the spot, quickly and smartly subduing the flames before they could reach the house.

But the continuing coincidence raised suspicions. And now Luigi has confessed to raising the fires.

He had been courting Giuliana—not with the success he wished—and wanted to impress her with his skill and bravery.

★ ★ ★

MR John Hay, Parliamentary Secretary to the Transport Ministry, arguing against backward-facing seats for airliners in the Commons said airliners often turn round during a crash, "in which case the backward-facing seats adopt the position of forward-facing seats."

(London Express Service).

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



What your world does Lord Nelson say if he knew his column was being used to defend a black business man's bowler hat? An fetching ensemble as I've seen in many a week.

London Express Service.

MERCY KILLING:

I know what it's like to be asked the fearful question

By DR. HENRY ERICKSEN

THE controversy over mercy killing reminds me of an incident when I was a young doctor in the wards of a famous London hospital.

One of my patients, an elderly schoolmaster, said to me: "I want you to promise me something."

"I know, whatever you may say, that I've got cancer. I'm not afraid of death, but of the pain getting worse. When it gets unbearable, I want you to help me on my way."

ping rapidly from life, to lengthen the act of dying.

"To strive officiously to keep alive" by running the gamut of transfusions, injections, or any remedy that could conceivably be used, is a path no doctor likes to follow.

Impossible

But the deliberate shortening of life is another matter. I should not like to concede to any request to do so.

Certainly not in the case of a child or a young man or woman. They can recover against seemingly impossible odds.

Nor, necessarily, in the case of a person suffering from an incurable disease.

There are many people today, who have incurable blood diseases or inoperable cancer. Life is still precious to them.

Reluctant

They have much they want to do. The savour of life can be all the sweeter when you have to leave it soon.

Unhappily, every doctor has patients who suffer such intense pain that, in order to relieve it, he has to prescribe large doses of pain-killing drugs that must inevitably hasten death.

A doctor's vocation teaches him that a dying man should not be allowed to suffer pain. But the decision, when that point has been reached, is his alone.

After all, such decisions are an inescapable part of the doctor's calling. He is trained to make them.

What he is reluctant to do is to take upon himself the right to be the agent through whom life is taken away.

As the great Lord Lister said in the middle of the last century—"It is our privilege to care for the fleshly tabernacle of the immortal spirit."

Today it is a privilege doctors are still humbly aware of.

(London Express Service).

His duty

In practice, he will be guided by two principles, though his interpretation of them may differ from that of his colleagues.

Rightly so, because the doctor knows his patient, and his assessment of the situation is the material his conscience has to work on.

The first principle is that it is the doctor's duty to prolong life.

The second is that it is not his duty, when the patient is elip-

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(except Sundays)

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NOW — FLY PAN AM JET CLIPPERS between London, Paris, Rome and the U.S.A. — the only jets serving all three European cities.

Weekend League Lawn Bowls SEVEN TEAMS OUT TO KEEP UNBEATEN RECORDS

Kowloon Dock Takes On Craigengower In Best Match Of Afternoon

By ROBERT TAY

Three first division, two second division and two third division teams will be out to maintain their unbeaten records as the lawn bowls league season enters its fourth week this afternoon.

The two only other unbeaten teams, Hongkong Football Club in the second division and Kowloon Dock Club in the third division have drawn byes for the weekend.

Of the three unbeaten teams in the first division, league-leading Kowloon Dock Club will be given the toughest assignment when they entertain fourth-placed Craigengower Cricket Club on their home green at Hung Hom.

The dockmen opened their season quietly with expected 4-1 wins over the weak IRC "B" and Filipino Club sides in the first two weeks, but came into the headlines last Saturday when they blanked the strong KBGC twelve by 5-0. Whether their victory last week was a flash in the pan remains to be seen this afternoon.

Hard To Beat

Personally, I maintain that the Dock twelve are an extremely hard team to beat on their own green and this opinion was confirmed by one of the KBGC skips who played against them last week. "The Dock are an extremely well-balanced side," he added, "and all of them are capable of producing very good bowls."

Craigengower, whose championship challenge was blunted by a 4-1 defeat from champions Revere "A" in their first match of the season, have by now recovered from their early setback, having taken four points from Talook and five from Kowloon Cricket Club, but the majority of their players are still far off from the form they are capable of.

The draw is not likely to play an important part in deciding the issue, but the advantage of playing on their faster and shorter home green will definitely swing the balance.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. An American team has recently beaten a British team to win an international Cup for the seventh successive time. What is the trophy?
2. Who were the No. 1 seeds in the men's singles and women's singles of the recent French Championships in Paris?
3. What are the surnames of these sporting twins: (a) Alice and Eric, (b) Jack and Bert?
4. Who was the last unseeded player to reach the men's singles final at Wimbledon?
5. What sports do you associate with the following terms: (a) hand out, (b) baulk, (c) roll in?
6. What would you be watching if you saw: (a) Lions attack Rhinoceros, (b) Pensioners' clash with Wolves?
7. Where did Herb Elliott run his world record mile of 3 mins 54.5 secs?
8. Who won the World Speedway Championship in 1951 and 1952?
9. With which sports are these famous families associated: (a) The Lindbergs, (b) The Choonges, (c) The Edwards?
10. At what sport might you just miss an albatross and get an eagle?

(Answers on Page 17)



POP — "Square" deal

I SHOULD LIKE TO BUY A TAPE RECORDER, MISS.



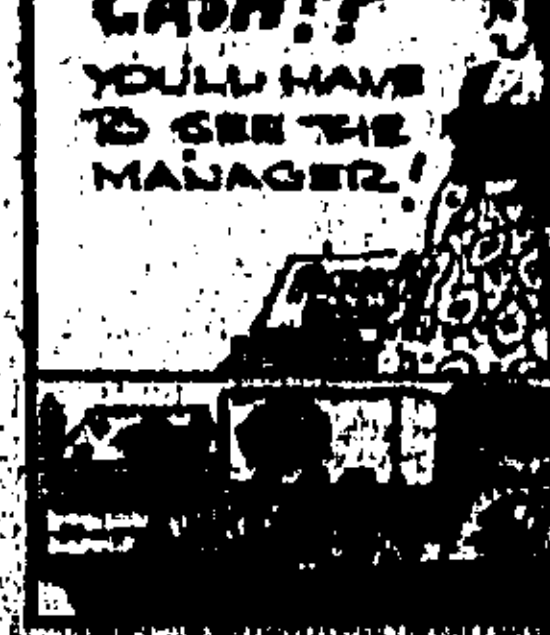
CERTAINLY, SIR, WHAT TERMS DO YOU PREFER, SIR?



I WISH TO PAY CASH



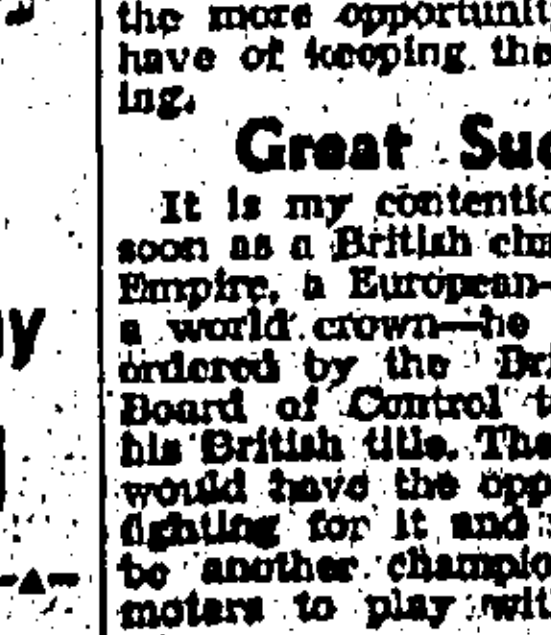
CASH? YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE THE MANAGER.



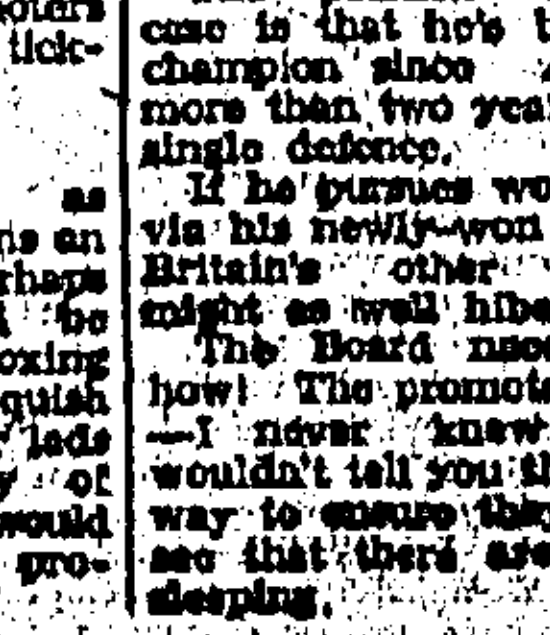
By Cos



In Russia they say "pivo"



In Hong Kong they say Carlsberg



This Miler Can Do 3-55, Says Track Star

By PETER CONNELL

Stephen James, who set a new record to win the mile for Oxford University against Cambridge at London's White City recently, will soon be covering the distance in 3min. 55sec.

This remarkable assessment of the potential of 21-year-old James was given to me by Derek Johnson, Olympic half-miler and one of the best athletic judges I know.

James is a worthy successor to such previous winners of this event as Jack Lovelock, Roger Bannister, and Chris Chataway. He dominated an event, in which Cambridge were humiliated, to return new figures of 4min. 5.1sec.—1.1sec. better than Alan Gordon's time.

After pulling the six-man field round the track for 600 yards, James allowed colleague Eagles to take over for a lap. Fruin, of Cambridge, hung on until the bell, but when James produced a last lap of 58.6sec. only Eagles could keep contact to take second place and return a personal best time of 4min. 5.5sec.

James opened this year by winning the A.A.A. junior cross-country title, and has run three miles in under 13min. 48.8sec. Now Johnson forecasts that his mile time will be down to 3 minutes 55 seconds before world record-holder Herb Elliott goes up to Cambridge after the Olympic Games.



James shatters the Universities' mile record with a last lap of 58.6sec. at the White City.

HE'S THE CHAMPION WITH THE WORST LUCK I KNOW

By GEORGE WHITING

Champagne for the champion? That'll be the day. For the time being, however, this particular champion was swallowing yellow calcium pills, sipping palsied tea, and nibbling his way round the edges of a slab of asphalt labelled cake—no push-over when your front teeth have been kicked out by a horse.

Nor was exercise any easier at the other end of the champion. All he could manage was a cautious wiggle of five white toes peeping out from under a sarcophagus of plaster wrapped inches thick round his right leg.

"This has success come to 30-year-old Tim Brookshaw, a champion with 83 press-on-regardless winners in 423 rides.

His leg is broken in three places. Instead of racing silks he is wearing green pyjamas and a maroon dressing-gown.

He rides a bedside chair in a London hospital, and his doctor, the one who mended Denis Compton's knee—has dropped a pretty broad hint that he will not be riding anything more multicoloured for the next 14 weeks.

Free Rides

I called on Mr. B. under the pretext of a sympathy with congratulations, and to remind him of how, when we last met among the Pressmen on his Shropshire farm, six months ago, he had laughingly described himself as the luckiest man alive.

At that period, I recalled, our Tim had got away with two years' hospital treatment for osteomyelitis in the left arm, a nose broken at rugby football, a gap in his teeth, a kick in the back, a broken hand, a pushed-in face, a fractured collar-bone, and several free rides in the ambulance.

Since then he has become rather more ambitious. With any luck at all, that right leg of his could become as famous as Len Hutton's elbow.

"Right lucky nuisance, this lot," said Farmer Brookshaw.

with a scowl at the plaster monument built round his tibia and fibula.

"Just when I should be doing gaffer's job on the farm. Not a good year for milkers. Poor hay harvest last summer. Looks like I'll have to pass up the hay-baling."

As tactfully as possible, I suggested he forget the uncertainties of the milk yield and try talking like a champion jockey on a diet of calcium and cake.

'Cowboy'

"Big races. That's where I've been a little unlucky, like," said Mr. B. "Take the Champion Hurdle at Cheltenham last March. There I was, centering home on Tokoroa with only three jumps to go. Then Tokoroa makes a bad mistake. Does his stifle. Hind leg went."

Then there was that other business—the Grand National. Maybe you heard about...

Yes, I heard about it. Who didn't? There was Tim Brookshaw, riding his seventh Grand National, lying second on Wyndburgh, and looking all over a winner as he raced like the clappers out of hell (his phrase) towards home.

So what happens? So Wyndburgh's offside stirrup-iron snaps at the 32nd fence—Bocher's second time round—and a quick-on-the-upside Brookshaw has to kick his toe out of the nearside stirrup in a brave attempt to maintain a balance over the remaining eight fences.

And anyone who believes that riding stirrups-over Grand National obstacles is a picnic will believe anything.

"Pressed my knees in and rode home like a cowboy," recalled Brookshaw. "Must

have been six lengths behind at the last jump."

"I couldn't hold his head up, but I managed to get within one and a half lengths of Mike Scudamore on Oxo, the winner. Wyndburgh was going like a bomb at the finish, stirrup or no stirrup."

That was real riding. Horse-manship plus. Wyatt Earp would have yelled for the insurance money. "I've never seen a feat like it," was the tribute paid by Col. Harry Llewellyn, of Foxhunter fame.

Came the merry month of May. At 3.00 p.m. on the 2nd inst. Tim Brookshaw was riding his 63rd winner of the season—Chauffeur, in the Honiton Selling Handicap Hurdle at Taunton.

The championship was in the bag. Just a couple more chores—such as that last-minute request of a pal to put up seven pounds overweight on Turnstone in the 3.30.

'Accidental'

"Call it an accidental ride," grinned the gent in green pyjamas.

Well, it is as good a description as any for a horse that muffs its first fence, stumbles sideways and comes to earth with Mr Brookshaw's right leg firmly pinned beneath it.

"Twisted in all directions—like a ruddy cow with a crumpled horn," said Farmer Brookshaw.

He hopes to be back home at Tern Hill, Shropshire, soon, doing gaffer's jobs in the milking shed. Then a holiday with his wife in Majorca. Living like a lord... on one leg and a swinger.

(London Express Service).

Harry Carpenter
(5 FT 6 IN—11 ST)
Bumps Into Europe's Biggest Boxer
(6 FT 7 IN—21 ST)

Lucerne. I travelled here last week with Europe's biggest boxer. He is Bojko Losanow, 23, Bulgaria's heavyweight representative in the European amateur boxing championship which took place here last week.

The Swiss reception committee, who had thoughtfully been arranging trumpet fanfares at the local station as Europe's unpaid battlers rolled in, gaped and gasped when they met the 7ft 6in Losanow, who polishes cattle in Sofia for a living, enwrapped himself from the train.

Losanow made a broken-toothed grin and crushed an innocent Swiss bystander's hand into pulp as a greeting—and maybe a warning—to Lucerne.

For you to get some idea of his size, let me say he is an inch taller than one-time famed Amateur Alp, Primo Carnera, and seven stone heavier and four inches taller than Britain's own sizeable amateur heavyweight champion, Dave Thomas.

THREE STEAKS

On the pine-fringed ride from Zurich, Bulgaria's amateur, Asparuh Angelov, peeled off further awesome facts about the giant Sofia slaughterer. "He eats enough for three men," said Angelov. "Maybe three steaks for dinner—if he's not too hungry. He has had 33 bouts and won most by a knockout. In the Melbourne Olympics in 1956 he twice knocked down Lev Moukline, the Russian champion, before Moukline got the decision."

Moukline, let it be said, eventually wound up as Olympic silver medalist. "In Melbourne," continues Angelov, "poor Bojko's legs stuck out of the bed. It was too small." Swiss carpenters hastily knocked together a special bed for Bojko so that he won't get cold feet.

SPECIAL GLOVES

If that affliction was felt round here I reckon it was among the other heavyweights when they spied the Bulgarian blockbuster. Boxing officials chased round to find a pair of gloves big enough to encase the hands that Bojko calls hands. They couldn't be found and had to be specially made.

Out of the ring I report this is a gentle giant. He tugged a snapshot out of his wallet to show me this baby son, eight weeks old. Losanow creased that fearsome face into a tender grin. But I made sure he didn't pump my hand.

MAKE EMPIRE BOXING CHAMPIONS GIVE UP THEIR BRITISH TITLES

Says HAROLD MAYES

London. Now that Dave Charnley has won the British Empire lightweight title the time looks ripe for the British Boxing Board of Control to give earnest consideration to the suggestion that he should give up his British title. Let me point out that I think heavyweight champion Henry Cooper and bantamweight title-holder Freddy Gilroy should come in for the same treatment.

It's a policy which is adopted with great success on the Continent of Europe.

Italian promoters, for example, after, and themselves with eight Italian and four European champions to pick from for their bills, and the sport is all the healthier for it.

2. In position in Charnley's case is that he's been British champion since April, 1957—more than two years without a single defence.

3. He pursues world ambitions via his newly-won Empire title, Britain's other lightweight might as well hibernate. The Board needs cash and how! The promoters need cash—I never knew one who wouldn't tell you that. And the way to ensure they get it is to see that there are fewer titles sleeping.

Great Success

It is my contention that as soon as a British champion wins an Empire, a European—or perhaps a world crown—he should be ordered by the British Boxing Board of Control to relinquish his British title. Then other fans would have the opportunity of fighting for it and there would be another champion for promoters to play with.

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

**Let's Help The Little Man
To Get To The
Tokyo Games In 1964**

There will surely be a great feeling of satisfaction throughout the Far East at the announcement that the 1964 Olympic Games will be staged in nearby Tokyo.

It seems strange to say 'nearby' when one refers to a city which is geographically a long way off but, with the development of modern air travel, distance has been shrivelled up almost to the point of insignificance. Already the magnificent Boac Comet can do a return trip from the Colony to the Japanese capital in the hours of daylight... and such is progress that one dare hardly speculate these days on how fast we shall be travelling through the skies in five years' time.

The Olympic Games in Tokyo will provide the Orient with a wonderful opportunity of seeing what is still the greatest all-round sports meeting of our time. With five years to think about such a venture those who are really interested in making the trip will have adequate opportunity to plan the financial angle of their adventure.

Now there is no doubt that there are keen sportsmen in our midst who can well afford to make such a trip without thinking very seriously about the expenditure involved. They can look after themselves, but I believe the big air line should give serious thought to ways and means of helping the 'little man'... and, to do that in the most acceptable way, there is no use waiting until 1964... or even 1963. The time is now or, at the latest, in 1960 after the next Olympic Games in Rome.

Subscription Scheme

Our Olympic Committee might also give this project serious thought. They might even get together with the main air-line operators and discuss the possibility of a 'Tokyo 1964 Subscription Scheme'.

Such an idea would surely kindle enthusiasm among many who would like to go to Tokyo but who simply could not find the ready cash in one lump sum.

In England 'Cup Final Clubs' are both common and popular schemes among football and rugby league enthusiasts and many Wembley trips are paid for at the rate of a few shillings a week... starting as soon as one final is over.

Such an arrangement makes saving for the big occasion a

real pleasure and if a similar idea could be put into practice in the Colony I am certain it would be no less acceptable... and certainly no less useful. This is the first time in history that the Games will be staged in the Far East although there might have been an earlier get-together at Tokyo if the Second World War had not intervened.

Only those people who have actually been privileged to attend the Olympic Games can ever appreciate the magnificence of the occasion. It is indeed the ten-day wonder of sport... and, even if one must notice the influence of our times on a great deal of what happens, there is still enough of the original concept of the meeting to make it an unforgettable sight.

The fact that the IOC has selected Tokyo for the 1964 gathering is a great tribute to the post-war endeavours of the Japanese... and particularly to the efforts of the sportsmen who put so much work into the organising of the recent Asian Games.

Never Too Soon

I have talked to many of the senior international officials who went to Tokyo for the Asian Games. While all of them were conscious of shortcomings they were, on the whole, full of praise for the quick remedial measures taken by the officials on the spot and the very obvious willingness of the Japanese sportsmen to learn from men who really knew their job. When the 1960 Games are in progress in Rome you can be sure there will be a large contingent from Japan watching every move, studying every technique... and learning every minute of the time.

Surrey's Batting Will Win Them Eighth Title Says Oval Coach

By ARCHIE QUICK

London. Surrey have won the County Cricket Championship for the last seven years principally because of their outstanding bowling strength. Now scorer Andy Sandham has suggested to me that their batting will win for them their eighth triumph.

'Sandy' should know, for he has been chief coach at the Oval for years, and took over scoring duties from Herbert Strudwick only this season, with wicketkeeper Arthur McIntyre succeeding him as coach.

Jim Laker, Tony Lock, Peter Loader and Alec Bedser, with support from Eric Bedser, have been the keystones of Surrey's domination these past seven years, but the position is radically altered this summer. Laker is soon retiring, and is not so enthusiastic as he was; Lock's knee and bowling action are troubling him; the two Bedders are getting no younger; and Loader has not yet found his pre-Australia form.

So over to the batting, which has sometimes been suspect and often propped up by the attack.

Matured

First and foremost, swarthy Ken Barrington, who was rushed into the England team far too soon against South Africa in 1955, has now matured and is threatening to reach 1,000 runs by the end of May—a feat accomplished only on seven occasions, and the last time by Bill Edrich in 1938. And talking of Edrich, Surrey's new batting star is Bill's nephew John, who went to the Oval instead of Lord's because he did not want to be overshadowed by his uncle's great reputation.

Two centuries in his second match against Nottingham at Trent Bridge would take a bit

of overshadowing, and it looks as though another member of this remarkable Norfolk family is to make his mark in the first-class game.

Ideal Openers

Then there is Surrey's ace of aces, Peter May, who has not yet played this season because he is still on honeymoon. Mickey Stewart, as good a close-in fielder as there is in the country, and Tom Clark make an ideal opening pair, and there are batsmen like Bernard Constable and Roy Swainman to follow.

Quite a formidable list if the bowling is not going to be so good as it once was.

Secretary Bobb told me that they have made faster wickets at the Oval, and he thinks there will be higher scoring there than in recent years. At the same time, he thought that Peter Loader, in particular, would benefit from the new style Kennington track.

"I think we have an excellent chance of retaining the Championship," he told me, "although many people are, hopefully, writing us off this time. They think our monopoly has been broken. I think that the other counties' incentive to topple us is good for the game."

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



a moment that will enact almost on our own doorstep. Let all of us, who can, do something to help Hongkong sportsmen to be there... probably for the only time in their lives.

★ ★ ★

The Amateur Sports Federation and Olympic Committee of Hongkong has shown the right kind of enterprise in fixing a final

date by which the Hongkong Football Association has to render its report on the alleged professionalism in Colony soccer.

This is a significant and timely move for, with the International Olympic Committee at present active on the very vexing question of professional participation in the Olympic Games, it is very obvious which way the wind is blowing.

A Meaty Story

Only the other day I was assured that the wider issue concerns Hongkong Chinese footballers just as much as it concerns those who elect to play for Taiwan but, as there is little likelihood of the Colony sending a team to the Olympics, the aftermath is slightly different.

My informant told me how he had been given a well-bound book containing five years' selected cuttings from the vernacular press. Each is complete with a certified translation naming players, fees, financial gifts, and other naming clubs who were alleged to be involved in the transactions, although I am also assured that one has to

be able to "double-read" a particular brand of jargon to appreciate the real context.

Now I make it clear that I do not suggest that willy-nilly any or all of these stories are authentic and true but I do suggest that if they are placed in the hands of high Olympic officials it will make a meaty story which will take a lot of squashing... and at international level these sort of things don't squash easily.

Explosion?

Maybe it would be a good thing if it all happened that way. It would be a real source of assistance to our own hard-working Olympic Committee for quite frankly there must be few in the football fraternity who really believe that the present set-up — so obvious and blatant yet apparently so difficult to expose — can go on indefinitely.

The next Olympics may blow the whole thing sky-high.

[NOTE: Since this article was written International Olympic Committee has announced the removal of "Nationalist China" from the list of approved Olympic Committees.

The way is still open for the Taiwan organizers to apply for recognition under the "Formosa" banner but that would almost certainly exclude Hongkong-born footballers of Chinese parentage from participating on their behalf.]

Something Different

Those who dabble in the strange complexities of the player market in Hongkong must know that even such a distinguished personage as Avery Brundage himself has already given the 'Hongkong Problem' a lot of personal consideration... yet personally, I believe that

CHILE HAS BOOSTED BRITAIN'S DAVIS CUP HOPES

By DEREK JOHN

This year, Britain's tennis stars have their greatest chance of reaching the inter-zone finals of the Davis Cup since the golden era of the 1930s when Fred Perry helped his country to hold the Cup for four successive years.

A fortnight ago, I wouldn't have bet a farthing on Britain's chances. But now the prospects have completely changed—thanks to the giant-killing efforts of Chile.

When the draw was made it was assumed that Britain's third round opponents would be Sweden, represented by the dynamic Ulf Schmidt and the fast-improving Jan Lundquist. New Chile has unexpectedly defeated Sweden 3-2 in Stockholm.

Why should Britain be more confident about facing the Chileans than the Swedes whom they conquered?

Hard-Court Player Because nimble little Luis Ayala, Chile's No. 1 and champion of Italy, is primarily a hard-court player. And Britain's third round Cup-tie will be played at Eastbourne next month on grass.

Britain last met Chile in 1956 at Bristol and triumphed 3-2. Ayala having won both his singles matches. Britain's Davis Cup team has greatly improved since then, and last week Billy Knight ministered, Chile's No. 2, Patricio Rodriguez, in the French Championships.

Presiding the British stars win at Eastbourne, their next tough match could be against Spain. And here again fortune smiles on them. For Spain's greatest player, Andres Gimeno, is out of action with a broken wrist.

So I forecast that Britain will go on to meet Brazil in the semi-final and repeat last year's European Zone final against Italy.

The winners of that final? Britain crashed heavily in Rome last year, playing on hard courts in sub-tropical conditions, and before the nobly partisan Italian crowd. But this time it would be a much closer match, played in Britain and on grass.

Too Strong Italy's top pair, Nicola Pietrangeli and the giant Orlando Sirola—should once again be too strong for Britain in the doubles.

But Mike Davies and Bobby Wilson are both capable of beating Sirola in the singles, and Wilson could clinch the Cup-tie by repeating his great victory over Pietrangeli at last year's Wimbledon.

THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



COOK BETTER MEALS



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CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1959.

SHEAFFER'S
ADMIRAL "SNORKEL" PEN

Big 4 Discuss Berlin In Secret Talks

Cypriot Vendetta Ended

Nicosia, May 29.
A Greek Cypriot village leader has handed to Archbishop Makarios his arms and formally declared the end of a 30-year-old vendetta which has killed on estimated 100 people.

The village, Antonis Zacharia, is one of two Greek leaders who have been fighting a feud around Ypsonas village, south Cyprus.

Handing over his bagful of sport guns, army rifles, revolvers, pistols and ammunition, he told the Archbishop: "Here are my guns. This is the end of hatred and killing. For the first time in more than 12 years I can circulate freely without an armed bodyguard."

Greek Cypriot sources say the vendetta had been going on "for generations" around the south Cyprus villages of Ypsonas, Pakhna and Kolossi.

RECONCILED

Last week, however, Archbishop Makarios brought the two leaders together and reconciled them.

The two men, until then deadly enemies, buried the hatchet and dined together in a Nicosia tavern. Now Zacharia has handed in his arms and the other man is expected to follow suit.

—Reuter.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

School Fees

Sir,—I should be grateful if you would ask your correspondent, Mr. Suleman, to inform his friend, a D.G.S. parent, to communicate with me direct in connection with school affairs.

As Mr. Suleman, who himself is not a D.G.S. parent, refused to divulge his friend's name, I have not been able to trace the latter, and, if possible, to assist him.

C. J. SYMONS
Headmistress,
Diocesan Girls' School

Geneva, May 29.
The Big Four Foreign Ministers discussed Berlin but failed to make any substantial progress at a restricted, informal meeting, today, following their unprecedented flying conference over the Atlantic.

The private session was held for two hours at the Geneva town residence of the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, with no formal minutes kept and none of the usual Press briefings afterward.

British Press officer Peter Hope was authorised by the four to say only that "the Ministers had one of their usual informal talks on the questions before this conference."

From other Western sources, however, it was learned that Berlin had been the main subject, and that no substantial progress had been made.

The series of informal meetings, which began with private Big Four dinners and continued over the Atlantic, will be carried on again tomorrow night at a dinner given by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko.

A plenary session of the conference will also be held tomorrow at the Palais des Nations.

Good Humour

The four Ministers had returned to Geneva in good humour after their flight from Washington in a U.S. Air Force DC-5-B.

A statement read on their behalf by U.S. Press spokesman Andrew Berding, upon their arrival, said: "The four Ministers had the opportunity on the aircraft of reviewing the progress of the Geneva conference, and of reviewing certain details of their respective positions. All agreed that the exchange had been useful."

Today's secret session was held with the participation of only 14 people—three for each delegation of the four nations, plus two interpreters.

The tree-shaded street where the Ministers were meeting was roped off by police who kept passersby and journalists away from the British residence.

The lack of apparent progress indicated to Western observers today that the conference would probably continue for at least ten days more.

However, no conference delegates were predicting failure, and it was generally assumed that the final communiqué would record enough progress for a future meeting at the Summit in August or September, probably somewhere in Europe.—AP.

Answer to 'Did It Really Happen?' is—NO

U NU BEING WATCHED BY GOVERNMENT

Rangoon, May 29.
The Government of General Ne Win is keeping an eye on former Premier U Nu. Government spokesman Col. Maung Maung told the Press that U Nu was highly respected because he had been Premier for so long but that he was not above the law and had not been given any permanent immunity.

He said that a bitter anti-government speech by U Nu on May 1 was expected because "he had lost his job."

"We will wait and see how far he will go," the spokesman said.

—UPI.

Ex. Co. Member

Dr. S. N. Chau has been re-appointed a member of the Executive Council up to May 27, 1960, not 1961, as reported in yesterday's China Mail.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley: 11.30, The Big Bull; 12 Noon, A Minute; 1.30, Three On A Mile; 2.30, Keyboard Capers; 3.30, Report, News and Special Announcements; 4.30, George Melachrino and Orchestra; 5.30, Year By Year—Jill of 1959; 6.30, John Diamond; 7.30, Adventure; 8.30, The Partridge; 9.30, Rhythm Parade; 10.30, Requests—Nancy Wise; 11.30, Birthday Melodrama; 12.30, Melody Magic; 1.30, Meet The Stars—Barbra Streisand, Dickie Valentine; 2.30, Jazz Is Where You Find It—Nick DeMatia; 3.30, BBC Presents; 4.30, Time Signal and News; 5.30, Weather Forecast, Announcements and Interlude; 6.30, Fiesta Time; 7.30, Voice Of Sport; 8.30, Parade; 9.30, The Partridge; 10.30, Crime Club; 11.30, Dance Party; 12.30, Dance Party; 1.30, Starlight Serenade; 2.30, Midnight, Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. Highway Patrol; 2.30, Eddie Cantor Show; 3.30, Cantonese Feature; 4.30, The Story Of Yao Shan; 5.30, Children's Hour Cartoons; 6.30, Puppet On A Stick; 7.30, Little Bazzle; 8.30, The David; 9.30, Naked City; 10.30, The Jimmy Dean Show; 11.30, The Tonight Show; 12.30, The Tonight Show; 1.30, The Tonight Show; 2.30, The Tonight Show; 3.30, The Tonight Show; 4.30, The Tonight Show; 5.30, The Tonight Show; 6.30, The Tonight Show; 7.30, The Tonight Show; 8.30, The Tonight Show; 9.30, The Tonight Show; 10.30, The Tonight Show; 11.30, The Tonight Show; 12.30, The Tonight Show.

Essex In Strong Position

London, May 30.
Essex consolidated their position at the top of the County Cricket Championship table with an overwhelming win over Middlesex by an innings and 22 runs.

They are the only unbeaten side so far this season.

Essex have now collected 88 points out of a possible 70 and lead by 10 points from their nearest rivals, Middlesex.

Fifteen minutes sufficed for Essex to finish the match today. Ray Ralph and Trevor Bailey took the last three remaining Middlesex wickets with the new ball for 17 runs.

Ralph finished with match figures of nine for 50.

At Stroud Worcestershire gained their first championship win of the season beating Gloucestershire by seven wickets.

Despite a rear-guard action by Tony Brown (68) and David Allen (57 not out), Gloucestershire could only set Worcestershire 65 to win, which they got after 85 minutes.

Fast medium bowler John Finwell played a big part in his side's victory, taking five wickets for 110 runs in Gloucestershire's second innings.

Sacrifice

Hampshire won a thrilling match off the fifth ball of the last over against Nottinghamshire at Trent Bridge.

Both sides sacrificed wickets in a day which produced 429 runs for 13 wickets.

After Nottinghamshire had raced for runs, Reg Simpson's declaration left Hampshire to score 210 in 125 minutes.

Hampshire captain, Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie (53 in 32 minutes) and Denis Baldry (52) rattled off 87 in 40 minutes and when the extra half hour was finished Hampshire still needed 40.

Derek Shackleton (34) was caught off the fourth ball of the final over and Henry Horton made the winning hit.

Results

SWANSEA: Glamorgan beat Derbyshire by three wickets. Derbyshire 33 and secondly 183 (G. Dawkes 49). Glamorgan 37 for six declared and secondly 181 for seven (P. Walker 84 not out).

LANCASHIRE: Match drawn. Lancashire 316 and secondly 216 for one (G. Pullar 68 not out). A. Wharfedale 122 out. Kent 402 for nine declared (C. Cowdrey 106) Kent 104 points.

NOVINGHAM: Hampshire beat Nottinghamshire by three wickets. Nottinghamshire 100 and secondly 375 for nine declared (J. Clay 55, 100). Hampshire 100 and secondly 375 for nine declared (J. Clay 55, 100). Hampshire 14 points.

STROUD: Worcestershire beat Gloucestershire by seven wickets. Gloucestershire 100 and 370. Worcestershire 302 and 68 for three. Worcestershire 14 points.—Reuter.

Easy Pro Victory

Brisbane, May 29.
Wally Taylor won the Australian featherweight boxing championship in only his fourth fight as a professional here today. He outclassed the title holder, George Gleaming, to gain a points decision over 15 rounds.—Reuter.

AUSTRALIA'S LUCK FLUCTUATES IN FRENCH TENNIS

Paris, May 29.
Australia had mixed luck in the semi-finals of the men's doubles of the French International Tennis Championships today.

Their number one team—Fraser and Emerson—scored an easy win over the French pair Darmon-Hallett, while their outsider hopes Mark-Laver suffered defeat after a good match against the Italian pair Pietrangeli-Sirola.

In the first match, Mark-Laver won the first set easily but were countered in the second by the Italians—Sirola playing the best in a very mediocre foursome fight.

The Italians, who have not shown their best form yet in the championships, dropped the third set, during which the Australians scored many points with their remarkable volleys and passing shots.

In the fourth set Sirola turned the Australians and with the Italians breaking through Laver's service in the eighth game the score was levelled at two sets all.

The Italian pair, generally considered the best in Europe, finally got into top gear in the fifth set and Sirola—at last supported by Pietrangeli—had no difficulty in winning the set and match. Sirola was the best player of the four throughout the five-set battle.

The South African pair of Renee Schuurman and Sandra Reynolds won the second women's doubles semi-final today by defeating the Australian pair Fay Muller and Mary Reitano 6-0, 9-7.

Australia's Neale Fraser and Roy Emerson won the second men's doubles semi-final when they beat the French pair Robert Hallett and Pierre Darmon 6-3, 6-1, 6-3.

Formality

The semi-final was a pure formality for Fraser and Emerson. It was not a brilliant match and Fraser dominated the game from start to finish.

Emerson did not play badly, but was not in the same class. Of the French pair, Hallett scored many points but Darmon played one of his worst matches.

The Australians won in straight sets and the score would have been even more crushing if Hallett had not done his best to make up for his partner's errors.

The women's doubles quarter-finals started disappointingly, when the British pair, Shirley Braheer (nee Bloomer) and Christine Truman, were outclassed by a far better team in the Mexican pair, Yola Ramirez and Rosa-María Reyes.

Miss Truman, a great singles player, is only the shadow of herself when playing in a doubles match.

She lost all five of her services today and made many mistakes, which her partner could not retrieve, whereas the Mexican girls, who have played together for years, made few mistakes to win convincingly in straight sets.—AP.

Surrey Tennis

London, May 29.
Australia's Warren Jacques will meet Britain's Mike Davies in the men's singles final of the Surrey grass courts tennis championships after their semi-finals victories at Surbiton today.—AP.

Thick Air Traffic To Albania Sets Off Rumours

Belgrade, May 29.
Heavy air traffic between Soviet bloc capitals and Albania was reported today, starting speculation that Communist bloc conferences may be under way in Tirana, the Albanian capital.

Another explanation suggested was that Mr. Nikita Khrushchev, the Soviet Prime Minister, would cut short his 12-day visit to Albania and leave before his scheduled departure date of June 6.

In a speech in Albania yesterday, Mr. Khrushchev said he had been asked by Mr. János Kadar, the Hungarian Communist leader, to stop in Budapest on his way home.

This would be possible only if his stay in Albania was cut short.

The unusual air traffic, crossing Yugoslavia by the only international route to reach the isolated Communist state on the Adriatic, was reported by official sources here.

VIP Planes

Sources here said it was possible one of these aircraft might be used by Mr. Khrushchev. They said the use of aircraft of the large TU type appeared to indicate important passenger traffic rather than routine courier flights.

Herr Otto Grotewohl, the East German Prime Minister and Marshal Feng Teh-hsiang, the Chinese Defence Minister, are also in Albania. Diplomats here are speculating that other East bloc leaders may arrive for talks with the Soviet Premier.

The President of the Supreme People's Assembly of North Korea, Mr. Choe Young-kun, is due to arrive in the capital of Tirana on June 2, ATA, the Albanian News Agency, reported today.

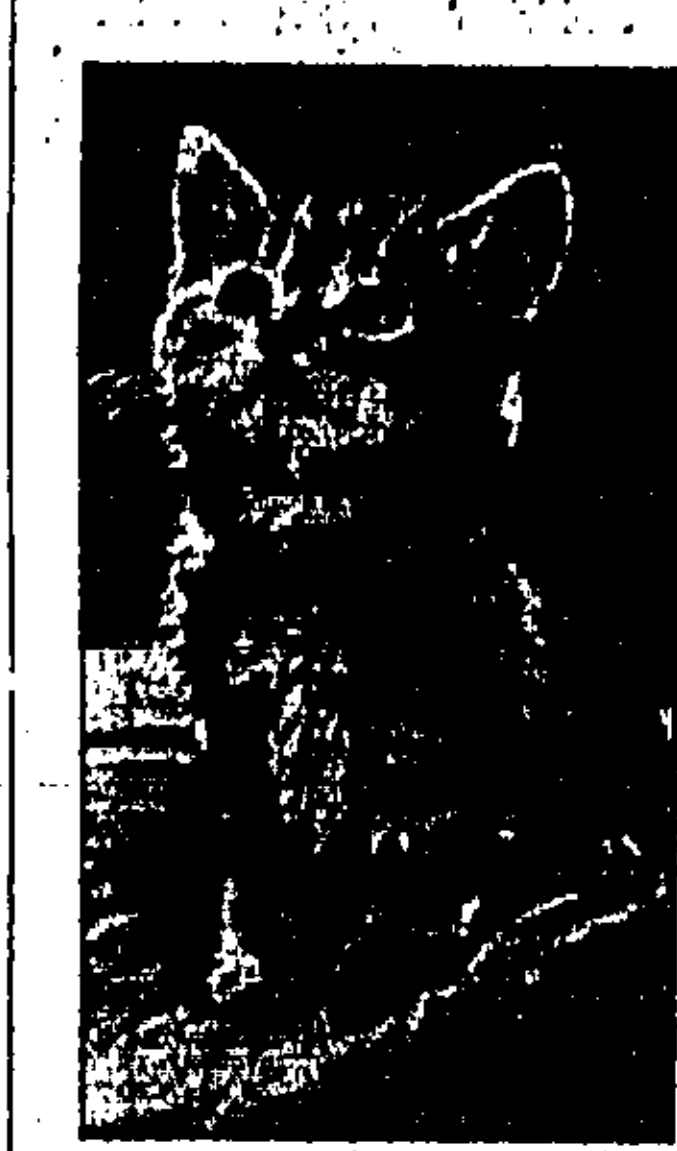
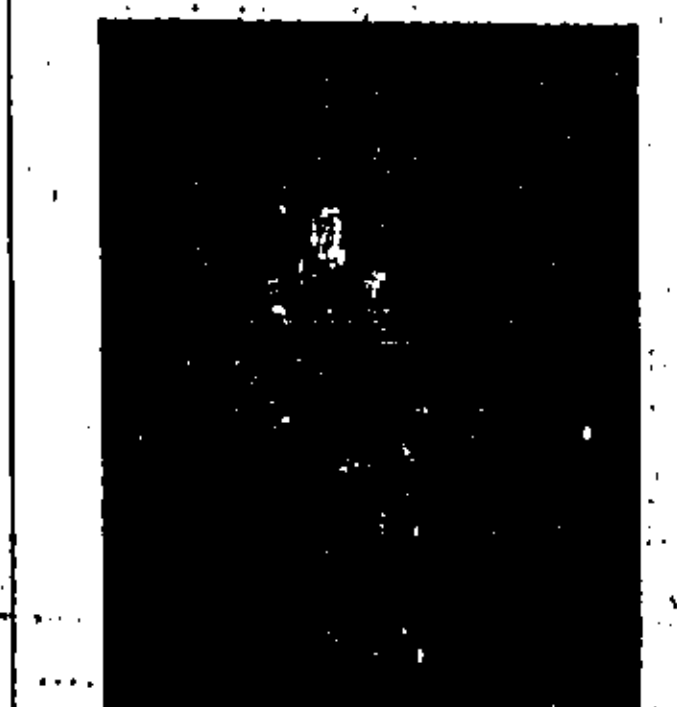
The Soviet Union to date has asked Yugoslavia for permission for 13 flights over Yugoslavia during Mr. Khrushchev's visit. East Germany has asked permission to send three aircraft to Tirana during today and tomorrow.—Reuter.



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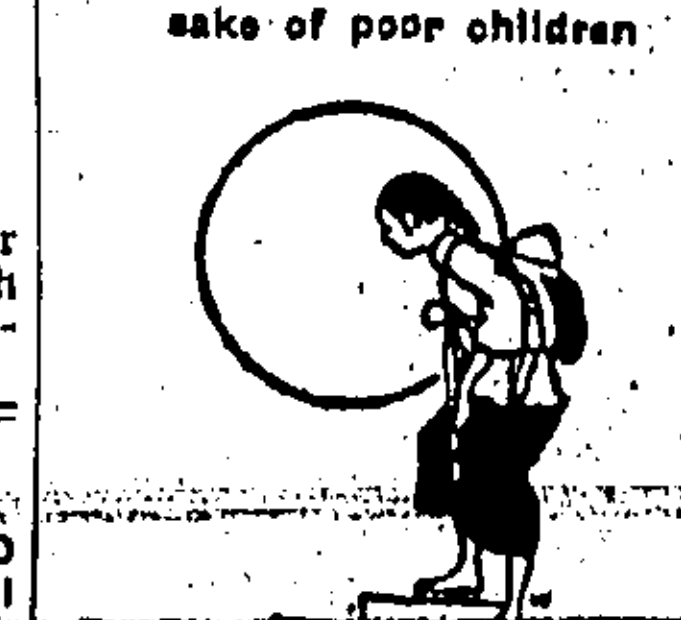
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